

**JUNIOR
YEAR
BOOK.**

1905.

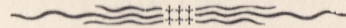
JUNIOR YEAR BOOK

VOL. V.

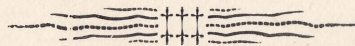
MOMENCE, ILLINOIS, HIGH SCHOOL.

1905.

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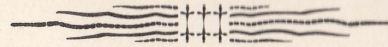


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JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

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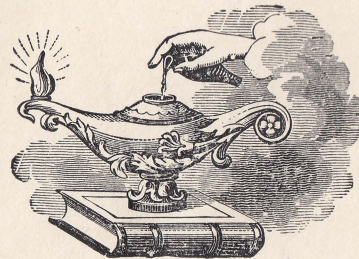




Mr. Frank B. Johnson
5509 11th Ave W
Bradenton, FL 34209

• — MOMENCE SCHOOLS — •

Junior Year Book



MAY

1905

MOMENCE PROGRESS PRINT



CENTRAL SCHOOL BUILDING.



BOARD OF EDUCATION.

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JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.



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JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

MOMENCE HIGH SCHOOL COURSE.

	Cr.	1905 and 1906.	1906 and 1907.
FRESHMAN YEAR.			
1. English.....	3	X	X
2. Ancient History	3	X	X
3. Physiology	1½ yr 1½	X	X
4. Physical Geography.....	1½ yr 1½	X	X
5. Latin.....	3	X	X
6. Arithmetic	3	X	—
7. Vocal Music	1	X	X
8. Rhetoricals	1	X	X
SOPHOMORE YEAR.			
9. English.....	3	X	X
10. Algebra	3	X	X
11. English and Am. History	3	X	X
12. Latin or.....	3	X	X
13. Business Practice and Law.....	3	—	X
14. Vocal Music.....	4	X	X
15. Rhetoricals	1	X	X
JUNIOR YEAR.			
16. English	3	X	X
17. Latin (Cicero).....	3	X	—
18. Beginning German.....	3	X	X
19. Biology (Bot. & Zoology).....	3	—	X
20. Plane Geometry	3	X	X
21. Civics	3	X	X
22. Vocal Music	1	X	X
23. Rhetoricals	1	X	X
SENIOR YEAR.			
24. English.....	3	X	X
25. Adv. Alg. and S. Geom.....	3	—	X
26. Latin (Virgil)	3	—	X
27. German (Second Year)	3	—	X
28. Physics.....	3	X	—
29. Reviews.....	3	X	—
30. Vocal Music	1	X	X
31. Rhetoricals.....	1	X	X

REQUIREMENTS FOR GRADUATION

After 1906. (Classes of 1905 and 1906 will graduate under requirements for old course.)

FOR COLLEGE PREPARATORY DIPLOMA.

Subjects : 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 15, 16, 17 or 18, 19 or 21, 20, 23, 24, 25, 26 or 27, 28, 31. Total credits, 52.

FOR LITERARY SCIENTIFIC DIPLOMA.

1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, 10, 11, 15, 16, 19 or 28, 20, 21, 23, 24, 31.
Required, 37 credits. Select, 15 credits additional, six of which must be in German or Latin.

FOR GENERAL DIPLOMA.

Subjects : 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 15, 16, 20, 21, 23, 24, 31.
Required, 37 credits. Selects, 15 credits.

FOR BUSINESS CERTIFICATE.

Subjects : 1, 6, 8, 9, 10, 13, 15.
Required, 17 credits. Select, 9 credits.



JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.



TEACHERS.

MABEL GROVES. FLORENCE CRAIL. MABEL JACKSON. ANNA HANSON.
E. A. PORTER. SARAH HANSON. AGNES BARRETT. R. E. SELBY. GERTRUDE HOLMES. ELIZABETH CLEARY. J. R. STEAGALL.
ANNA WILTSE. LENA E. DRAYER. CAROLYN LENEHEN. BERTHA LAMB.

THE FACULTY.

The following cut would not go to prove our corps of fifteen teachers, gifted with more than ordinary intellect, good looks, but we stoutly assert the claim in both particulars, and hold the photographer responsible for any misrepresentation which might tend toward being productive of adverse criticism. We will not affirm all faces to be modeled after the classic outline, but there isn't one which doesn't, in real life, reflect sunshine by the pailful. We started in with representatives of this company in the primer class, and are now next door to graduating. We've summered and wintered with them through eleven successive years, and we know whereof we speak. There have been seasons that were trying in certain particulars, but, as we grow older, we reflect that probably those times were, in most instances, more trying to teacher than pupil. Very rarely do we look back over the lapse of years and rarely do we recall an occasion with which to connect any but pleasant memories.

Momence is usually conservative in the matter of selecting teachers, preferring to retain the tried and proven, to installing new instructors, simply for the sake of experimenting; and so it comes about that changes occur but rarely, except in those instances in which the teachers themselves assume the initiative, and resign for the purpose of accepting those positions which demand an intimate acquaintance with the principles connected with the department of domestic science. In this line, as in many others, Momence teachers are known far and wide as being exceptionally well qualified. We hear continual rumors of the probability of several such instances having need to be entered upon the records in the near future. Our old Board, however, is standing for re-election, and it is to be hoped that it may be able to bring such influence to bear as will secure to Momence the continuation of service which has, during recent years, been of so much weight

in furthering the best interests of the school. Even Dr. Osler himself could find no fault with our teachers. Without exception, they are under forty years of age; under one hundred and sixty pounds in weight, and with two exceptions, all native Illinoisans. To be accurate, eight of the fifteen were born in or near Momence. This is, in our opinion, about as it should be. By choosing the larger per cent of its teachers from among local candidates, the authorities, affirm their loyalty to home institutions. On the other hand they frequently import choice material from abroad; such action serving, as one may readily see, to keep up the high standard of excellence to which our school has in recent years attained.

Of the members of the present corps, Miss Groves has the honor of being oldest in point of service, having entered the Momence schools as teacher in 1892, and being continuously employed since that time. Miss Groves has charge of the first primary department Central school, and also of the history work in the High School.

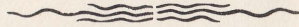
Misses Holmes and Lamb rank next in order of seniority, having been in our school seven and a half and six years respectively. The former has charge of the sixth room, and the latter of room four Central school.

Misses Hanson and Jackson of rooms three and four Loraine, and Miss Barrett of room five Central, and Miss Crail, our teacher of music, have each reigned two years to date. Last spring, it being leap year, there was a general exodus on the part of the lady teachers, necessitating the filling of as many as seven vacancies—an unheard of number in Momence. Of our grade teachers, Misses Hanson (room 2), Cleary, (room 3), and Lenehen, (room 8), Central school; Miss Wiltse (room 1), and Mr. Porter (room 4), Loraine, became members of the faculty within the present year. In our High School it was also found necessary to supply two vacancies—Miss Lena Drayer, a graduate of DePauw University, and Mr. J. Roscoe Steagall, a graduate of the Illinois State Normal University, were selected. Miss Drayer has had

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charge of classes in Physiography, Biology and German; and Mr. Steagall of those in English, Civics and Latin.

The central figure in the foregoing group of fifteen is our esteemed superintendent, Mr. Richard E. Selby. Mr. Selby is young in years, but old in his art. He came to our school in the fall of 1903, and proceeded immediately to give both teachers and pupils a vigorous shaking up, of which, it must be confessed, they stood decidedly in need. After the first season of surprise had passed by, all hands buckled to and worked most harmoniously. The year just ending will go down in history as one of the pleasantest and most successful on record.



HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1907.

BY MISS NELLIE LOGHREY.

On September 7, 1903, after completing readin', 'ritin', 'rithmetic and 'gography in the grades, the class of 1907 entered High School. But, as usual, our great merits were not acknowledged when we were Freshies, and we were forced to stand back. Indeed, we might be compared to Hope, which, having failed to escape, was forced to remain in the box while all the miseries were flying around on the outside. Our worst time came on the Fridays when the Philomathian Society met, for, not unlike the Freshmen this year, we trembled at extemporaneous speeches, and, while the topics were being given out, our hearts would leap into our mouths, our hair would stand on end, and our greenish hue would change to a deathlike white. But we were too sturdy and proud to let jeers of the other classes discourage us, and now we are Sophomores. However, we are sorry to say, that the teacher who had the most to do with us during our Freshman year, now spends most of her time in the Kankakee Insane Asylum.

Intelligence is our most remarkable trait, and excellence our lowest standard. In Latin we are following Caesar and, if we don't fall into the Rubicon, we will pass over it all right. Next year we will be Juniors if we are not Sophomores again, and we will all graduate in 1907, if we succeed in getting all our credits.

They say thirteen is an unlucky number, but there are thirteen in our class, and we are the most brilliant and progressive class in school. When the bell rings we are ready to recite, and, when it rings at the end of the recitation period, we are just as ready to stop reciting.

In a certain prophecy it is stated that our class has more real talents than any other class in school, and our members are geni-uses. Among us are to be found the historians, lawyers, cartoonists, novelists, singers, detectives, artists, mechanics, astronomers, politicians, druggists, and poets of the future, and the best students in school at present.

Many classes have been Sophomores, many classes have graduated, but there has NEVER been a class in all the history of the school which can excel the class of 1907.



San Francisco club women are said to have decided that love is a disease. Nevertheless, they probably glory in the fact that a man is never too old to catch it.



The people who are slow but sure,
About their motto prate;
But though the prize they may secure,
It comes to them too late.

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SENIORS.

VIRGIE TABLER.

HALLIE SELBY.

LOLA VANE.

JAY GARRETT.

JESSIE GARRETT.

STELLA DWYER.

GEORGIA BENNETT.

JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

THE SENIOR CLASS.

MOTTO:—A past forever gone, a future yet our own.

CLASS FLOWER:—Goldenrod.

COLORS:—Black and Old Gold.

YELL.

Skin 'em alive, Skin 'em alive,

Hurrah for the class of Nineteen Five.

THE DONORS OF THE CLOCK.

BY LOLA VANE.

In presenting a Program Clock to the school as our memorial, the class of '05 wished particularly to impress upon the minds of dilatory undergraduates the fact that they must hustle if they ever catch up with '05, or acquire in any way the great and noble qualities which characterize the class.

The general beauty of the clock has been much admired, but we wish to call your attention to the fact that all the handsome features of the clock simply exemplify the virtues of the class.

Its quiet unobtrusiveness most accurately depicts the manner in which '05 has slowly but surely wended its way through the wearisome toils of High School labors.

The melodious tones of its bells is but an illustration of the musical ability possessed by our belles.

The promptness with which it attends to its duties indicates one of the most noble qualities of our members.

No word of grumbling at the numerous duties imposed upon it, is ever heard to pass its lips, another valuable trait of character which we possess.

The beauty of our clock's exterior has been comment-

ed upon, but consider also the wealth of virtue which abounds in its heart; this is also but an example of the same quality of the donors.

Its broad, open face shows clearly that a broad, expansive mind exists behind it, this, too, being verified by all the members of the class of '05.

The short hand plodding slowly and carefully on its way, indicates very clearly the disposition and habits of our lone gentleman member. The long hand, skipping blithely around, passing many times the more sedate, dignified hand, depicts only too accurately the disposition, not the stature, of our "Little Virgie."

In a glance at the clock, T, in twelve's place catches the eye. This, we wish you all to realize, stands for "trust." The trust which our teachers have always had in us as a class.

The letter following, H, indicates "hunger." Our constant hunger for knowledge.

E, stands for just what it is, the grades we all get.

C, certainly means "credit"—to the school.

L, of course, stands for nothing else than "loss"—when we are gone.

A, can only mean awe, that which the younger classes have for '05.

S, studious,—we always were noted for that.

The second S, indicates "sure," our invariable reply to any request for work to be done.

O, is the exclamation aroused by the thought of our wonderful class.

F, the letter following, is devoted to advice to the lower classes, it is: "Follow in our footsteps."

Finally, '05 stands for the noblest, greatest class which ever wended its triumphant way thru High School.

In short, "The donors of the clock, we're it!"

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HISTORY OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS

BY HAZEL THURBER.

Last year after the stars began to shine, a great mark in our history was made by having the least number of tardy marks of any room in the school. Having had such a nice start, our stars shine brightly almost all the time. Knowing that we were soon to begin our career as High School students, our teacher gave us the best advice, which we have carried with us since that time, and found it a very great help.

We are noted for our learning, and often surprise the Sophomores, Juniors, and even the Seniors, by our knowledge. We cannot boast of knowing everything, but one would think Gertrude Nelson a Senior. She has Latin so well learned that she can hardly refrain from speaking it in the Algebra class. To see Harry Exline's drawings, and Mattie Stetson's paintings, one would exclaim, "To what a wonderful class they must belong!" Lucile Paradis' and Minnie Wilmot's music is so thrilling that people listen with open mouths and wonder if the music is really made by them. Jamie Ryan is almost out of sight, but his wonderful orating has won him great popularity in other towns as well as Momence. With James Crosby, our philosopher; Margaret Nelson, our poetess; Frank Weaver, our athlete, and Josephine Tiffany, our violinist, and many other gifted members, the future has great things in store for us. Thinking of the many things we have accomplished in the past, what will we be when we are Seniors?

After the first semester examinations the number of our class increased from thirty-five to forty-three. It is evident that some members of the eighth grade thought we were a pretty good looking crowd or they would not have joined our class.

Our several orators are continually practicing, and sometimes find themselves orating in school time, on which occasions they visit Mr. Selby's office, and find it to be a most excellent place for practicing such work.

We have not accomplished all these things by wishing we could, but have devoted a great amount of time, thought, and real hard study. Now, some people think we are green, but we don't wear our best clothes every day, or they would soon become quite common.

CLASS HISTORY OF THE JUNIORS



CLASS COLORS:—Purple and White.

CLASS FLOWER:—Violets.

CLASS MOTTO:—If you seek our monument look around you.

YELL.—Join the Class of Naughty Six,

If you would cross the River Styx.

Of all the stars, the evening star is the brightest; so of all the classes, the class of '06 outshines all others in brilliancy. Boasting has never been our plan, but the other classes cannot help but marvel at our greatness, and worship us from afar.

In the present we are only recognized in our own community, but in the future the greatness of our mathematicians, elocutionists, musicians, naturalists, and modern Caesars will be known throughout the world.

In beauty, we rival Venus; in strength, Hercules; in perseverance, Ares, and in invention, Hermes.

Some persons say that thirteen is an unlucky number, but there are thirteen of us, and where can you find a more lucky class?

Our teachers laugh at our wit, marvel at our knowledge, and become grave when we make mistakes, as 'tis seldom we are ever in error.

"This is the noblest class of them all,
All the classes save only they
Did what they did for the sake of gaining credits.
They only in a general honest thought
And common good to all,
Accepted them.

Their life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in them,
That nature might stand up
And say to all the world,
This is THE class."

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THE YEAR BOOK CONTEST AND BANQUET.

On February 13, 1905, the Year Book contest began, which proved to be the most exciting and most successful contest ever held in the Momence High School.

The school had previously been equally divided with Floye Brown and Mamie Halpin as leaders. On the evening of February 13, the leaders gave subscription blanks to each of their helpers, and there was a rush from the building immediately, as most of the pupils realized that those who reached town first would receive the largest number of subscriptions.

On the next morning the report was in favor of the "Halpin's" 45 to 69, but the following morning the "Browns" were ahead and continued so throughout the remainder of the contest. On February 28, when the last report was made, Miss Brown's side had sold 265 copies of the Year Book and Miss Halpin's 205. Thus it was decreed that the "Halpin's" must give the banquet.

Although these people do not understand how to sell Year Books successfully, they do know what is good to eat and how to entertain, so on March 4, they worked industriously, turning the laboratory into a dining room and providing the "feast."

The Philomathian Hall was used for games and an entertainment given by the victorious side, much to their surprise. In this program the boys' quartet shone brightly, and Prof. Steagall proved that he is a "great elocutionist"

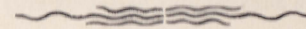
by reciting "Mary Had a Little Lamb," under Mr. Selby's dictation.

"Trading was the principal game of the evening and caused much merriment as the articles traded were useless being, tacks, faded flowers, toothpicks, hairpins, etc.

After the program, the company were all invited to the "dining room" where they were served to an excellent three-course supper. The captain of the victorious division acted as toast-mistress, and filled her position in a creditable manner. The following toasts were given:

Paradise,	PAUL HANSON
The "Halpins"—This Our First,	REX VANE
The "Browns"—How We Won,	DELBERT RALSTON
The Score,	LEON SELBY
The Freshmen,	CLARE PORTER
The Juniors,	FRANK CLEARY
Fudges, such as Uncle Sam delivers,	MR. STEAGALL
Biology Lunches,	JAY GARRETT
My First Elocution Lesson,	RAY DENNIS
Troubles of an Athlete,	LEVI HASLETT

Shortly after eleven o'clock the crowd adjourned, well satisfied with the success of the evening.



"How's your little boy getting along in school?" asked Mrs. Jobkins' afternoon caller.

"Oh, fine. He's getting so he corrects my grammar before company."

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GRADUATING EXERCISES.

PROGRAMME

THEME:—"THE BUILDING OF A NATION."

"Thou, too, sail on, O, Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great."

MARCH.....BESSIE BENNETT
INVOCATION.....REV. T. C. EGLIN
MUSIC.....HIGH SCHOOL
"THE WORLD IS ROUND".....S. J. GARRETT
 "Thus the perseverance of one man and the enterprise of one woman
 triumphed over the ignorance and bigotry of the age."
"DRIVEN FROM HOME".....VIRGINIA C. TABLER
 "The breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rockbound coast."
MUSIC.....H. S. GIRLS' GLEE CLUB
"IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH.".....GEORGIA BENNETT
 "For freedom's battle once begun,
 Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
 Tho' baffled oft is ever won."
"THE STRUGGLE".....JESSIE M. GARRETT
 "Gentlemen, we have debated and hesitated long enough. The time
 has come to act."
VIOLIN SOLO.....JOSEPHINE TIFFANY

"THE GREAT CRISIS".....LOLA M. VANE
 "Six score and nine years ago our fathers brought forth on this con-
 tinent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the
 proposition that all men are created equal."
"OUR MARTYRED HEROES".....STELLA M. DWYER
 "Their's was the mighty work that seers foretold;
 They know not half their glorious toil has won;
 For this is Heaven's same battle—joined of old,
 When Athens fought for us at Marathon."
VOCAL SOLO.....LOLA M. VANE
"PURPOSE".....HALLIE SELBY
 "Endurance is the crowning quality, and patience all the passion of
 great hearts."
PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.....W. L. CLAPSADLE, PRES. OF BD. OF ED
MUSIC.....HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS' GLEE CLUB
PRESENTATION OF CLASS MEMORIAL.....LOLA M. VANE
ACCEPTANCE OF CLASS MEMORIAL.....FRANK CLEARY, '06

JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.



JUNIOR CLASS.

MAMIE HALPIN. LAURA KELSEY. EMMA PITTMAN. IRENE BUCKNER FLOYE BROWN. NINA FISH.
SERINA JOHNSON. WILL HANSON. PORCH KELSEY. DELBERT RALSTON. FRANK CLEARY. RAY DENNIS. MARGUERITE DURHAM.

JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

JUNIOR PROPECY.

By J. PORCH KELSEY.

I know you will all be interested in a letter I recently received from an old schoolmate of mine. Doubtless most of you remember him. He is now a civil engineer in a little town lately sprung up at the mouth of a river in the wilds of South Africa, and is the founder of that town which, for some reason or other, he named "Burgess." This letter, with many apologies to Rex, I will now read you that the rest may enjoy knowing the fate of the glorious class of '06 :

BURGESS, LULABALO, A. }
Nov. 1, 1928. }

MY DEAR DUMNERGETERICKS :

It was with great pleasure that I received your favor of the 12th ult., but I am surprised that you have lost track of the classmates you mention. Even in this trackless wild I have managed to keep informed of their whereabouts and will do my best to enlighten you.

Of course you know that Will Hanson is distributing hymn books to ungrateful savages a few hundred miles from here, but you probably don't know that he passed through here lately and supplied me with the latest news concerning your classmates.

Serena Johnson, the head deaconess in Niamona recently wrote to Will that she would send him a valuable assistant in the person of Lucille Fish, who after much deliberation, finally decided to join the ranks of those self-sacrificing martyrs who give up all in life for the sake of these ignorant, absolutely untamable savages.

I am surprised at the number of your class who have chosen that as their life work, for that forbearing spirit was certainly not evinced in the old days at school.

Irene Buckner has followed out the line of that suggested by her repeated election to the leadership of class affairs, and is now president of a young ladies' seminary in Hoboken, New Jersey.

Emma Pittman, much to the surprise of many, has evinced a will of her own and adopted the stage as her profession. Her beautiful voice has been cultivated and she nightly startles thousands by the magnificence and brilliancy with which she renders that dear old song, "Any Rags" ?

Frank Cleary is also a famous member of the musical world, and is celebrated far and wide as a composer. Though the leader of a large orchestra in New York, he finds time for other work, and his compositions bid fair to outrival those of Mozart, Hayden and others with which you and I, as members of Miss Crail's music class, are only too familiar.

When Mamie Halpin took up the making of stump speeches [in Washington] in the interest of woman suffrage, I was greatly surprised, for I had always supposed that she intended to wash milk bottles as her vocation, notwithstanding the fact that her sisters declare the washing of even one at home was done under protest. (Of course her fate is already known to you.)

I am very glad to tell you of the brilliant record which has been made by Delbert Ralston. As good electrical engineers as he are very few, and the fact that he is conducting work in Panama in the interests of the United States government, speaks highly to the credit of the old High School.

Nina Fish is the Official Stocking Darner in the Momence Orphanage and is said to be kept busy, for the population of Momence is now about sixty thousand.

In one of the papers which Will left me I read an account of a wonderful pianist who was then creating a great sensation in London. Audiences were moved to tears by the depth of feeling expressed in her renditions, and she had been invited to play before the Court. The artist was Marguerite Durham.

My only sad narration I've kept to the last. The fate of Floye Brown brings sorrow to all our hearts. It seems that under the great strain to which it had been subjected, her mind finally gave way and her days are now spent in the asylum at Kankakee.

JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

Her plaintive cry may at all times be heard echoing down the corridors: "Which shall I take?" "Oh, which shall I take?"

A negro has just reported that the trestle work on a bridge I recently built has been burned by the natives, and I must give orders for its reconstruction immediately.

I hope in a few months to join you in the States, but till then adieu.
The same old

REXERERUNT.

That is the letter, and I may as well tell you that Rex is risking his life every day down there, but he gets an enormous salary, and is known to be the best civil engineer in all the world.



CLASS DAY PROGRAM.

PHILOMATHIAN HALL, MAY 22, 1905.

PART I.

Duet	Roude d'Armour
Georgia Bennett and Virginia Tabler.	
Advice to Undergraduates,	Stella Dwyer
Recitation The Village Singer	Hallie Selby
Vocal Solo The Shoogy Shoo	Lola Vane
Class Will	Jessie Garrett
Presentation of Class Presents	Jay Garrett
Piana Solo	Miss Drais

PART II.

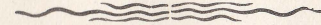
MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH.

- SCENE I. Sunday Morning at the Wiggs'.—The Sunday Dinner.
—The Sunday School.
- SCENE II. Christmas Eve.—The Christmas Basket.
- SCENE III. Ready for the Show.
- SCENE IV. Mr. Bob and the Wiggs Family at the Restaurant.
- SCENE V. Mrs. Wiggs at Home.—The Christmas Lady Comes to the Wiggs' Home.
- SCENE VI. The Broken Leg.—The Benefit Dance.

CLASS DAY.

Notwithstanding the fact that the program in the preceding column was given in the Philomathian hall, to reach which one must climb five flights of stairs, a good sized audience greeted the class of 1905. The weather was not such as would induce the dubious to venture out; and for these and other reasons which made it difficult to reach the cabbage patch, the class feel grateful to their many friends for their presence.

The program was well given, and the proceeds enabled the class to make the last payment on their class memorial, a fifty-six dollar program clock. After making this payment, and paying all expenses, the class have left sufficient to place on the clock a silver plate bearing the names of all members of the class.



JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.



FIRST M. E. CHURCH.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

ORATION, BY IRENE BUCKNER.

Anyone who reads Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, will have a vivid impression remaining in mind of the difference in character of the leaders of the conspiracy, Brutus and Cassius; the one a brave soldier, loving friend, and noble man; the other, a selfish man, working only for his own welfare.

The character of Brutus is full of beauty and sweetness. In his home life he was gentle, upright and pure, always solicitous for the welfare of others. Take for example of this, his gentle and loving devotion to his wife, Portia, and how he considered her his superior, for after his conversation with her during the formation of the plot to kill Caesar, he said: "O, ye Gods! Render me worthy this noble wife." This was certainly an unusual remark to be made in an age when women were considered as mere ornaments or slaves of men. Then, also, in his camp a short time before the final battle, he spoke gently, almost affectionately to his servant Lucius, who had played for his master until he had fallen asleep. When Brutus saw that the boy was asleep he said:

"This is a sleepy tune. [my boy
O murderous slumber, lays't thou thy leaden mace upon

That plays the music? Gentle knave good night!
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee;
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument.
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night!"

In his political life Brutus worked for the interest of his state. No thought of reward for himself, no spirit of revenge entered his mind. It was simply because he believed he was working for the good of his beloved Rome, that he entered the conspiracy, and in fact, he hesitated a long time before he could be persuaded by the wily Cassius to enter it at all.

Caesar was one of his dearest friends, his most trusted companion; then could it have been that he who detested dishonor so thoroughly would have plotted against the most noble ruler of Rome for any reason but that he thought he was benefiting his country?

Of course, we now think that it was a mean and dishonorable act which Brutus did, but would not any really true patriot do the same under the same circumstances? Would not any man who loves his country do that which he truly believes to be the only thing that will save it from destruction? Brutus was a firm believer in the free republic of his forefathers, the grand old Rome "glorified with the high virtues which had grown under her cherishing." He always spoke of Caesar with respect and almost reverence, and it was only his ambition which Brutus disliked. After the ghost of Caesar had appeared to him, he said: "O, Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!" Does not this

show he honored Caesar, even though he had helped to kill him?

On the other hand, look at the character of Cassius. He was shrewd, ambitious and disloyal. His part in the conspiracy was wholly for the motive of gain for himself, and not because he hoped to better the conditions of his country. By his wily talk he persuaded Brutus to enter into a plan which was distasteful to such a nature, and led the other members of the plot to believe that Brutus, and not himself was the leader, so that the blame might not fall upon him. Cassius formed the plot with the idea of success, and he worked for this without one thought as to whether it was right or wrong. He took men for what they were, Brutus, for what they ought to be. These two men had at one time stood for praetorship of Rome, and Brutus was elected through Cassius' influence. Thus Cassius held a private hatred for Caesar and constantly thought of this while planning to take his life.

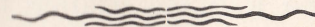
After the assassination, Brutus was a changed man, and brooded much over his part in the cruel deed; but Cassius was unaffected and apparently as happy as ever, until Antony's army attacked them.

The fact that Brutus was the better and greater man was recognized at the time of the tragedy, for after his death, Antony said of him:

"This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;

He only in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This is a man!"

Thus we see that two great and wise men made a serious mistake; the one for what he thought to be the best thing for his country; the other, to satisfy his own ambition.



Who sits and waits for dead men's shoes,
In which to make his climb,
Will leave no footprints of his own
Upon the sands of time.



THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

1ST PRIZE—BY VIRGINIA C. TABLER.

The Legend of the Holy Grail! How many tales of unequalled adventures do the words bring to mind? Such terrible and unheard of dangers as the knights of old underwent in search of this holy vessel, one can scarcely imagine!

What then was this Holy Grail, which was so much sought after? According to the mythology of the Romancers, the Holy Grail, or San Greal, was a cup supposed to possess powers of insuring chastity and prolonging life to those who held it in keeping. It was believed to be made of one great precious stone, probably an emerald. It was first brought from Heaven by angels, and was the cup used by Christ at the supper in the upper room, when for the last time before His crucifixion, He and his apostles sat at meat together, and later it was used to catch the last drops of His sacred blood as He hung dying upon the cross. This thrice blessed vessel was preserved and guarded carefully by angels, and knights, whose lives were chaste and pure. Later, Joseph, of Arimathea, became the keeper, and it remained among his lineal descendants for a long time, an object of pilgrimage and adoration. It was incumbent upon whoever had it in keeping, to live a life both chaste and pure, and one of Joseph's descendants having broken this condition, the cup disappeared. From that time until Sir Galahad, after many trials and tribulations, found the sacred object, it was the favorite entertainment of the knights to search for it.

The adventures of "King Arthur and his Knights of the Table Round," while in search of the Holy Grail, have for many years been the favorite subjects with the poets, and we now find many beautiful poems in all languages commemorating these events.

From Walter Map who, in 1200, wrote the original story of Lancelot and Elaine, we learn as much of the search and finding of

the sacred vessel as from any other author. He portrays Lancelot, the son of King Pillimore, as being brought out of retirement and introduced to King Arthur and by him made a knight of an inferior degree. The young man was a great favorite of both Arthur and his wife, Queen Guinevere, and in turn was deeply devoted to both. But in time, he came to have treasonable meetings with the Queen. He did not, however, lose any of his respect for the King, and was continually doing penance for his great sin against his benefactor. At first he was one of the knights who sought the Holy Grail, but because of the requirements of pureness and chastity of life and character, he gave up the quest. From this one act, it would appear that he had not become entirely degraded. He would not pretend to be what in reality he was not. Later, Lancelot became deeply in love with the maiden Elaine. They were, afterwards married and one son, Galahad, blessed their union. After the death of Lancelot, which occurred while in exile, Galahad took up the quest of the Holy Grail.

In King Arthur's court when his knights were all seated around the Round Table, there was one vacant chair, and this seat was reserved for the knight who should be successful in his quest of the sacred vessel. On Pentecost eve an old man clothed in white brought a young man to the court, and signified that the young hero should occupy the vacant seat. Very soon the Holy Grail appeared, and the room was filled with divine light and fragrance. But it soon disappeared again, and the next day the knights all started out in search of it. As had been designated by the old man the night before, Sir Galahad was the successful one. He became King of the Holy City, and guarded the sacred gift well until his death, when it passed into the hands of Joseph of Arimathea. From this legend Tennyson drew his poem, "Elaine."

Oh, that there was today some object to keep the knights of modern times chaste and pure in their lives. But alas! they, too often, as Sir Launfal, of whom Lowell wrote, spend their lives in searching far and wide for that which may be found at their own

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doors. They overlook the leper there entirely, or fling him a coin hurriedly, never dreaming—as Sir Launfal never dreamed—that in him they might find the realization of their hopes. How often people today are made to realize the truth of these words:

“Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare
Who gives himself with his alms, feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me.”

Today, in the time of wealth and plenty, it is hard to make people realize that very often it is not so much what or how much we give, as how we give it, that counts. As we learn from the Bible, even the gift of the richest man in the country was not counted so great in God's sight as the mite which the widow gave; because she gave of her poverty and with faith and love toward her Master, while the man gave of his abundance, simply as a matter of course.

Then may we all be able to say as Sir Galahad:

“All arm'd I ride, what'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.”

BLISSFUL IGNORANCE.

Teacher—(In Physical Geography Class)—“What can you tell of the work of beavers?”

Freshman—(very earnestly)—“A beaver is a little river.”

Teacher—(amid the laughter of the whole class)—“You'd better look it up in the dictionary.”

Little Tommy—“Can I eat another piece of pie?”

Mamma (witheringly)—“I suppose you can.”

Tommy—“Well, May I?”

Mamma—“No, dear, you may not.”

Tommy—“Darn Grammar, anyway.”

LAFAYETTE, THE FRIEND OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.

BY SERINA JOHNSON.

There now and then bright spots appear on this darkened planet of ours—great and glorious examples of human virtue interrupting the otherwise sad history of the race. Patriotism is a rare virtue yet rarer when it causes a man to suffer for the freedom of another country. This virtue was found in Marquis De La Fayette, who left his home in France to aid the struggling Americans in their fight for freedom. He was not a man of genius, nor did he possess remarkable intellectual powers. He offered his aid to the Americans from motives of the purest kind, unmixed with ambition or private views for he was prompted only by his great love for liberty. La Fayette came to America at the age of nineteen, as a mere boy, knowing not what his fate would be, whether he would die in early battle, or live to see the victory of his struggles. He spent much money in aiding the Americans, and staked his all on the glory of their triumph. His was a wonderful sacrifice and one that will be remembered by the Americans as long as this great nation enjoys the liberty for which he fought.

One of La Fayette's noble traits was simplicity. He was a titled foreigner, but when he came in contact with Americans he forgot his rank and became one of the plain people by whom he was surrounded, entered Washington's poorly clad and poorly fed army and shared every hardship with them. His love and reverence for Washington was constant and he acknowledged Washington as his leader. Washington was not only his leader, but his model, and La Fayette became like him in patriotism and virtue. His name is always associated with Washington and the Revolution, and he is ever remembered as the dear friend of America.

La Fayette left his family and connections, and, at his own expense came to offer his services to the United States, without pension or particular allowance, and there risked his life in the

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cause of freedom.

Why did he do this? What was his motive for risking his life? Some will answer that he did it for selfish motives expecting to gain wealth and honor. But no; in his own country he had been offered higher positions, and could have gained more praise and honor. He was guided only by his great love for liberty and his adoration for the American people. One of America's citizens says of him: "When the purity and grandeur of his purpose was revealed in his marvellous success, Washington heard the echo of his own mighty spirit, and the people hailed the marquis as worthy to be folded in the same mantle with the man who stood in the isolated dignity upon a continent, with the nations at his feet in their involuntary homage."

There is something almost romantic in the bold adventure of this youth, who left his home of luxury and entered the vortex of the revolution, his only guiding law being his affection for freedom. When the American forces became disheartened by their losses, some one tried to persuade La Fayette to abandon his project and return to France, but this noble man made answer: "It is especially in the hour of danger that I wish to share your fortune." He won the admiration of all by his ardor for liberty and his zeal in the American cause.

La Fayette remained in the service of America until a war broke out between France and England. Then he wrote Congress that, as long as he had been free, he had gladly fought under the American flag, but now, he owed the homage of his services to his own country. Congress recommended him to France as being wise in council, brave in battle, and patient under the fatigues of war. In France, as in America, he was loved by all, and on his return, the fervent prayer of the humblest tenant was that he might never leave the shores of France again. While fighting in France he thought always of America, and remained a devoted adherent and advocate of America as long as he lived.

La Fayette possessed many strong and beautiful elements of

character, being a good, honest man, generous, devoted, self-sacrificing and benevolent. He won the admiration, respect and love of all, and at his death, sadness was spread over all France and many other parts of the world. He passed through two revolutions and his name perpetually binds together, two centuries and two worlds. "Rising more by his virtue than his intellect, he holds a prominent place in the history of France, and, linked with Washington, goes down to a greater immortality than awaits any emperor or mere warrior of the human race."



CLASS '06.

A studious class of thirteen
Is the class of 1906;
No other class is brighter,
And none can equal it.

We've never been unlucky,
As our number would indicate,
And in getting "E's" and "G's,"
We're not so very late.

We shine forth with such brilliancy,
That others are put in the shade;
They may not be original,
But we are surely self-made.

In history and Latin,
And geometry too, you know,
Few classes of the High School,
Can as good a record show.

The ladder of knowledge we're climbing,
Other classes we're leaving behind,
Some day on the topmost round,
The class of '06 you'll find.

The others may ridicule,
And say we have our trials,
Yet few can truly excel
The class of 1906.

A STORY.

1ST PRIZE, BY STANTON VAN INWAGEN.

It was my first year at the University. One Fall day I decided to cut my recitations and take a long walk. I put on some old clothes and an old slouch hat, and my appearance was not very charming. Starting out at one o'clock, I took the road leading west. I soon passed the limits of the city, and as I walked along the dusty road, dogs came from the farmyards and barked loudly, children ran to the houses thinking that I was a tramp, and it was no wonder that they did so. I was a good walker, and after going on for about nine miles, I came to a small railroad station. Here I stopped and went in, and, being very tired after my walk, I sat down in one of the chairs. No one was present, but soon a man came from a nearby house. He was the telegraph operator, and after looking at me a minute, he sent a short telegraph message.

I asked him how far it was to my city, and when the first train would come. He told me it was eight miles to the city, and that the next train came at seven-thirty in the evening. As it was only half past four then, I decided to walk home. I started, and as I left, the man eyed me suspiciously.

As I was tired, I took my homeward walk in a leisurely manner, and after I had walked a short distance, I saw a freight train slow up at the little station. The engineer took a yellow paper from the hand of the operator, and the freight came towards me. I, of course, jumped on, and was glad to get the ride. However, the train was delayed, as there was something wrong with the engine, and we did not reach the city until seven-thirty. As I alighted, I was seized by a big policeman, who declared me to be under arrest. I protested, but he said I was the fellow he wanted. It was now clear to me. The man at the station had telegraphed that there was a suspicious character headed towards the city, and well might I have been judged as such, if appearance had anything

to do. A large store in a neighboring city had been robbed, and I was held as the robber.

I told the policeman to take me to a certain man to be identified. He did so, and I was cleared of that business. It had taken quite a little of my time, and I now hurried to my room, forgetting that I had had no supper. I got out of the business section of the city and came near to my room.

Just then I saw before me on the other side of the walk two lines of Sophomores. I knew what they were after, so I put on a bold front and whistled "Yankee Doodle." As I neared them I asked:

"Say, fellows, have you seen any Freshies around here that haven't had a dose of boneyard mud?"

They answered that they had not, but hoped to find some soon. I passed on and resumed my whistling. When I reached my room I entered and bolted the door securely, resolving that they would not give this Freshie a dose of boneyard mud—and they never did.

He used to send her roses;
He sent them every hour,
But now they're married, and he sends
Her home a cauliflower.

Freshman, (looking in Cyclopaedia)—"Well, I guess it isn't here."

Junior—"What isn't there?"

Freshman—"The Rhone river."

Junior—"Where are you looking?"

Freshman—"For R-o-n-e."

Junior—"Dunce! Look for R-h-o-n-e."

JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

BY HAZEL BROAD.

"Beg pardon, Mister, did you ask 'was that our school house?' You see I am rather deaf lately and can't always tell what folks say. Yes? Indeed it is, and say, did you ever see a nicer looking school and grounds for a town the size of ours? And it does beat all the things the little ones learn nowadays, don't it? When I was a little tad and went to school here before the war we had reading, writing, arithmetic and grammar, but now they have all that and much more and its written in such an easy way that they understand it like A, B, C, too. In a hurry? Would you like to hear a little about our school? Well, then, just sit down here on the step beside me and I will tell you a few things; for you see I have lived here since I was three, and know all worth knowing about Momence." "And so you are one of those reporters that write up things for the papers, are you?"

Well, in 1837, I guess it was, that school was first taught here. Miss Loraine Beebe was the teacher and because we didn't have any school house she taught a few of us at Asher Sergeant's house, which was, let me see, I guess about on Walnut street, between Third and Fourth Streets (You know that since Momence has become a little larger they have named the streets, some after trees and so on.) Then the next year she taught us again at what is now the Metcalf place, east of the city a ways. And that year, I remember, Miss Beebe rowed some of us who lived on the South Side of river, to school every morning, and back at night. You see there were no bridges then.

Then in 1840 a log building built by A. S. Vail, which stood where now is the corner of Range and Front streets, was rented and we went to school there. For seats we had slabs of wood fitted with legs, but without backs. Not much like the varnished hard wood and iron affairs they have now, were they? We had

reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar and spelling as I told you before, and although our books were not alike, there being hardly two of a kind, we got a pretty good education for those times after all. In 1851 the township of Momence built the old brick school house on Locust street. They used that for fourteen years but finally it was declared unsafe, because the walls were spreading, and school was held in the Durham building, right where the school house is now, until 1870, when the Momence Union School district was incorporated and the building you see there now was built, at a cost of \$20,000.00. The bricks they say were hand-made out of clay from the hill up there. The building has done good service for years, but a number of years ago the lower grades became so crowded that it was decided to build a second building with four rooms, on the South Side. It was built on land donated by W. W. Parish Jr., at a cost of \$6,000 and named Loraine, after the first school mistress in Momence, Miss Loraine Beebe. The schools are full of children now and everything is humming.

A High School did you say? Yes indeed and a fine one too. It was organized by Prof. G. H. White in 1875, and a three-year course was given until 1897, when a four-year course was decided upon. It now is accredited at the State University and at Northwestern and other good schools, so that a pupil may enter directly from here and his credits earned here will be accepted. But say, stranger, you ought to stay over a day and visit our schools. You would get a better idea of them than from my talk. And if you do, you will agree with me, I am sure, that for their size the schools of Momence can't be beat."

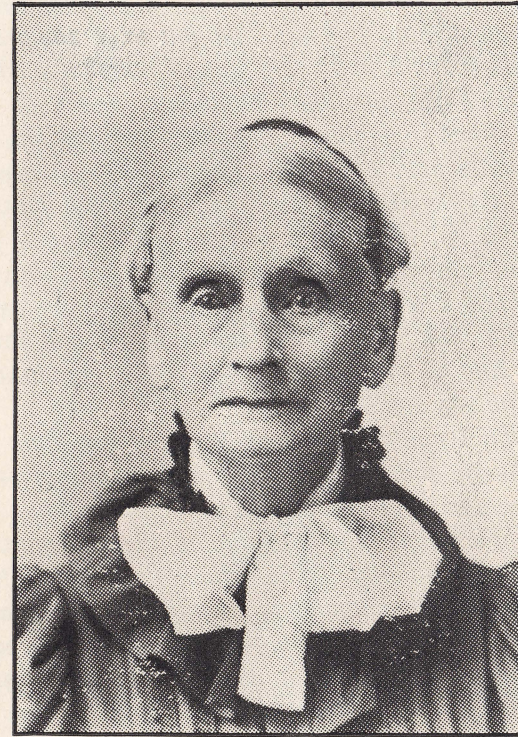


JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. LORAIN LYNDS.

Very closely connected with the early history of Momence is the name of Miss Loraine Beebe, who kept the first school in the county in 1837. A story is told of an experience in her early life which will bear repeating. At a time when there was no town of Momence, the nearest Post Office being that of Loraine, which was named in honor of this pioneer school-mistress. The Pottawatomie Indians camped along the Kankakee. White Pigeon, their chief, could not resist the temptation to get intoxicated several times a year on whiskey which was plentiful and cheap at that time. When this occurred, Joe Barbee, who lived several miles away, was sent for to hold White Pigeon in restraint until he became sober. One day Mr. Barbee met Miss Beebe and she told him to tell White Pigeon, for her, that he was not to drink any more whisky. White Pigeon's answer to this was, "White man make 'em, Indian drink 'em; White man no make 'em, Indian no drink 'em." None but the brave and strong could have endured the hardships of those early days and such was the life of Mrs. Lynds thruout its span of ninety-two years.

She was born in Vermont in 1812, came to Illinois in 1836, and was married in 1842 to Dr. David Lynds, who died in 1877. On Nov. 30, 1904, occurred the death of Mrs. Lynds at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Freeman. The memory of this noble woman will no doubt last much longer than her namesake, the Loraine School.



MRS. LORAIN LYNDS.

JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.



FRESHMEN CLASS.

Lucille Paradis. Howard Deliere. Faye Crawford. Frank Weaver. Etta Jones. Will Hayden. Mattie Stetson.
Nellie Hoag. Harry Exline. Myrtle Cromwell. Merrit Garrett. Hazel Thurber. George Jarvis. Francis Halpin. Paul Hanson.
Minnie Wilmot. Robert Pemble. Hazel Dubridge. Willie Parish. Jessie Keeler. Axel Hanson. Josephine Tiffany.

JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.



FRESHMEN CLASS.

Mabel Popejoy. Gaylord Hess. Marguerite McMann. Jamie Ryan. Irene Butterfield. Elmer Deliere. Kathrine Brady. Margaret Nelson. Levi Haslett. Florence Smith. Willie Dwyer. Anna Grace. Dean Kelsey. Meryl Boyd. Herbert VanSchoyock. Georgia Vankirk. Richard Nichols. Bessie Bennett. James Crosby. Clara Sweet. Robert Spry. Gertrude Nelson.

JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

FRESHMAN BANQUET.

At the opening of the second semester, it was decided to have each of the high school rooms give two programs instead of making up the programs from pupils of the eighth year and high school. Accordingly the three rooms were each divided into two sections. It falling to the lot of first section, room 8, to give the first program, a contest between the two sections of that room was decided upon, the losing section to give a banquet to their victorious classmates.

The first program was given February 10, 1905, and on March 24, the second section gave its program. Both programs were pronounced excellent by all who heard them, but the judges decided in favor of section two. The judges were Mrs. D. E. Styles, Miss Lenehen and Mr. Steagall.

The banquet was given in Philomathian hall Saturday evening, April 29, 1905. When all had arrived "charades" were played. After this became tiresome all the crowd boarded the train, Miss Drayer blew the whistle, and all started to "Jerusalem." At each station one got off, and as there was just one less station between Momence and that noted city, only one arrived at the destination for which all started. Mr. Selby reached the next station to the "Holy City," but it remained for Herbert Van Schoyck to view the sights which all had started out to see. Many of those present were ruled by "Simple Simon."

While these games were being played on the stage behind the scenes were various scenes, the most tragic of which was "The Mutilation of the Lemons," and the witnesses of this scene did not have "watery eyes," but "watery mouths."

As soon as the above mentioned scene had been finished supper was served. This was made merrier and better by the two "Willies," who with their white aprons served so well that their reputations have gone beyond the walls of the school house; and if all other vocations fail, they will still have one left at which they are adepts.

After lunch more games were played and stories told until about ten o'clock, when all departed for home feeling that the Freshman Class is not so verdant as some had supposed.

The following are the programs rendered by the freshmen in the contest for which the banquet was given :

PROGRAM.

FIRST DIVISION ROOM EIGHT

FEBRUARY 10, 1905.

PART I.

Piano Solo.....	Bessie Bennett
Freshman News.....	Catherine Brady
Vocal Solo.....	Mabel Popejoy
Recitation.....	Bessie Bennett
Violin Duet.....	Josephine Tiffany, Georgia Vankirk
Review of 1904.....	Dean Kelsey
Vocal Solo.....	Paul Hanson
Book Review.....	Hazel DuBridge
Violin Solo.....	Willie Parish
Essay on Women.....	Mattie Stetson
Girls' Glee Club.....	

PART II.

Synopsis of Merchant of Venice.....	Clara Sweet
Scene from the Merchant of Venice.....	
Antonio.....	Frank Weaver
Shylock.....	Jamie Ryan
Portia.....	Margaret Nelson
Nerissa.....	Margaret McMann
Duke.....	Willie Dwyer
Gratiano.....	Elmer Deliere
Bassanio.....	Willie Parish
Solanio.....	Merritt Garrett
Pantomime.....	Mattie Stetson, Frances Halpin, Catherine Brady Florence Smith, Reader,

JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

NORTH ROOM CONTEST AND BANQUET.

During the last semester the pupils of the North Room gave two excellent programs, as shown below, in contest for a banquet. The program given by section one was awarded the decision.

Section two gave the banquet Friday evening, May 12, in the Philomathian Hall. A lively crowd of Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors with a sprinkling of Freshmen were present. Games were indulged in until 9 o'clock, then an excellent menu was served, after which a trip to Jerusalem was begun, but when the train was about half way there, the engineer discovered that in one of the coaches was the world-renowned orator, Harry Hoag, and so refused to pull his train further. All alighted from the train, and Mr. Hoag delivered his famous speech, "Down with the trusts." Frank Du Frain, Stanton Van Inwagen, and others responded to toasts extemporaneously.

At 10:15 Mr. Selby informed the young people that the banquet was over, and all hied themselves homeward.

PROGRAM.

FIRST SECTION NORTH ROOM

PART I.

Duet, (Piano) Jennie and Emma Pittman
 Recitation Floye Brown
 Essay Carrie Hanson
 Quartette, Hazel Broad, Jessie Garrett, Frank DuFrain,
 Ray Dennis.

Boys' Glee Club

PART II.

Oration Harry Hoag
 High School Headlight Frank Cleary
 Pittman's Orchestra
 Lilliputians Frank Du Frain and Harry Hoag
 Pantomime (A Household Tragedy) Emma Pittman,
 Levi Haslett and Virgie Tabler.

Charades

Tableaux. (Bridal Scene).....

PROGRAM.

SECOND SECTION NORTH ROOM

Piano Solo Marguerite Durham
 Essay on Music Myrtle Crosby
 Solo Lottie Hess
 Story Richard Nichols
 Tableaux "The Flower Girl."
 Girls' Glee Club
 Farce "Fast Friends"
 Reading Mamie Storrs
 Solo Lola Vane
 Essay James Crosby
 Piano Solo Georgia Bennett
 Recitation Irene Buckner
 Song by the Boys
 Tableaux "The Gypsy Fortune-teller"
 1 The Prediction
 2 The Fulfillment



YEAR BOOK SUPPLEMENT.

This year it has been found necessary to issue a supplement to the Year Book. This has been rendered necessary on account of school closing on the day of the County Oratorical and Track Meet. All subscribers will receive this supplement free.

JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

LAURENCE REHMER. REX VANE. LUCILLE FISH. LOTTIE HESS. MYRTLE CROSBY. MAMIE STORRS. JOHN BUKOWSKI. WILL DURHAM.
JENNIE PITTMAN. HAZEL BROAD. STANTON VANINWAGEN. HARRY HOAG. CLARE PORTER FRANK DUFRAIN. NELLIE LOGHREY. CARRIE HANSON.

JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.



LORAIN SCHOOL BUILDING.



HIGH SCHOOL TRACK TEAM OF 1905,

JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF NAUGHTY NINE.

BY CLARA BURTT.

It is a difficult task to write the history of the class of '09. So many illustrious names occur on our roll that to such an insignificant historian as I, the undertaking seems momentous. If there is anything in a name, our class ought to be celebrated. The names of two presidents are found in our list and like their illustrious name-sakes these two members are noted: one for a decided disinclination to study and the other for a disposition to think much and say little.

The names of a like number of naval heroes appear on our roll, who need only the time and opportunity to develop such characters as will make the shades of the heroes of 1812 and '65 wish they could come back and try again. The great exposition to be held in Portland, Oregon, next summer is in honor of one of the relatives of a member of this class; even the breakfast food companies are represented, and the name-sakes of authors, and other notables too numerous to mention.

Our original enrollment was less than half our present number; and our charter members, were, without exception noted for their studious habits and their general devotion to duty. They, of course form the backbone of the class today, but those who later joined our ranks have given the class, a degree of breadth and weight, both of intellect and avoirdupois such as to render the eighth grade the envy of all preceding and subsequent classes. Many have been the struggles in order to reach and keep our present standard of excellence, but the spirit of courage and perseverance that animated our renowned ancestors has been transmitted to us in such a measure as to render us immune to discouragement. We realize that the hill of knowledge grows steeper toward the top, and we anticipate some difficult climbing yet to be accomplished. However we have four years in which to do the climbing, and we are decidedly inclined to think that June '09 will find us on the summit.

CALENDAR.

- Sept. 6—Tribulation begins.
- Oct. 7—First meeting!!? Philomathian Society.
- Oct. 15—Teachers' baseball game.
- Oct. 19—Lottie Hess falls down stairs.
- Oct. 24—Recitation clock begins work.
- Nov. 2—Rubber band in North Room.
- Nov. 8—Mr. Steagall goes out to vote.
- Nov. 14—Mr. Selby has a new suit.
- Nov. 25—A holiday and Turkey.
- Dec. 2—Fudges given away—Apply to Jessie Garrett.
- Dec. 5—Ray Dennis reappears.
- Dec. 16—Impeachment trial of Pres. Garrett.
- Dec. 19—North and South Room get 40 stars.
- Dec. 23—Jan. 2—A rest from our trials.
- Jan. 10—13—Semester exams.
- Jan. 18—Dr. Butler, University of Chicago, visits us.
- Jan. 27—Interesting meeting of Philo Society (Debate?)
- Feb. 3—Crusade against ink-spots.
- Feb. 11—Delbert goes to Kankakee and finds the door shut.
- Feb. 13—Year Book contest begins.
- Feb. 24—Mr. Selby gets a hair-cut. N. B. Spring's comin'.
- Mar. 4—Bouquet.
- Mar. 10—Impromptu program by 1st Section North Room.
- Mar. 17—St. Patrick's day (Freshmen wear class colors.)
- Mar. 24—Second section Freshmen earn a banquet.
- Mar. 31—Mr. Selby goes to Kankakee.
- Apr. 1—Ditto Oct. 15.



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ORATORICAL CONTEST.

On Friday evening, April fourteenth, nineteen five, a large audience assembled in the Methodist Church, the occasion being the Fifth Annual Oratorical and Declamatory Contest of the Momence High School. The first number on the program was a chorus, after which the three orators, namely, Raymond Dennis, Senina Johnson, and Floy Brown, took their places on the platform. Their orations were interesting and well delivered, and it was very difficult to decide which one should carry off the honors, but the judges finally decided that Floy Brown should be the possessor of the local cup for the coming year. Serina Johnson was given second place.

There were six contestants for the declamatory honors, Mamie Halpin, Carrie Hanson, Lenore Halpin, Faye Crawford, W. R. Nichols and Jamie Ryan. Here, again, the contest was close, for the selections were so well suited to the declaimants, and so well rendered, that the matter of deciding was a difficult one. Finally the honors were conferred on Jamie Ryan, while Lenore Halpin was awarded the second place.

In a very (h)interesting and (h)artistic manner Jamie told 'ow the La Rue Stakes were lost by a little (H)english lad, who at the same time saved the life of a baby who toddled across the race tracks.

All of the musical numbers were much enjoyed. Lorene Hill and Miss Daisy Jackson pleased the audience with their violin solos, while the High School furnished all the vocal music.

Floy Brown and Jamie Ryan, as orator and declaimant will represent the Momence High School in the County Oratorical, which is to be held in Kankakee on the evening of May nineteenth. If they do as well in the county contest as they did in the local, we have reasons for believing that the Momence High School may be the possessor of the county cup.

THE NEW BEATITUDES.

Blessed be those who carry Geometry, for they shall enter the Physics class.

Blessed be our originals for they shall add to our grades.

Blessed be those who get poor grades for they shall get help from the rest; although we are wise people and have many instruments, we are not able to prove some propositions, and although we have many nails left we have bitten many in two.

The Geom. class shall not perish from the earth, but have everlasting life.

L. E. F.

We've got the grit,
We look for wit,
And find it at each turn.
With all we've yet to learn,
We'll beat the whole concern;
Then they'll say,
Blessed be they.



Sing a song of football,
Pockets full of salve;
Four and twenty legs all
Punctured ad der calve.
Captain in der hospital,
Fullpack in der soup;
Twenty seven faces
Prokn in der group.
Suffermores and Freshmen
Punched around der ring;
Ven der var vas ofer
Den der boys began to sing:

Raw! Raw! Raw!
Raw! Raw! Raw!
Stew dem!
Fry dem!
Raw! Raw! Raw!
Oysters!

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<p>CONTESTANTS.</p> <p>1. Gerina Johnson.</p> <p>2. Raymond Dennis.</p> <p>3. Fley Brown.</p> <p>4. James Crosby.</p> <p>5. Fay Crawford.</p> <p>6. Lenora Halpin.</p> <p>7. Jessie Ryan.</p> <p>8. Carrie Hansen.</p> <p>9. William Nichols.</p> <p>10. Mamie Halpin.</p>	 <p>1</p>	 <p>2</p>	 <p>3</p>	 <p>4</p>
 <p>6</p>	 <p>9</p>	 <p>8</p>	 <p>7</p>	 <p>5</p>

L A N E

JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

STORY OF A ROMAN BOY.

2ND PRIZE, BY HALLIE SELBY.

The hero of this story lived in the City of the Seven Hills several hundred years before the birth of Christ. He has just reached the age of seven, and his parents have decided to send him to school to study with other boys. He is now sent to the school-house under the guardianship of a trusty old slave, whom he calls "Master," but who is called a "Paedagogus" by the other members of the family. The slave is to be the little fellow's guide and companion throughout his boyhood, going with him to school in the morning and bringing him home at mid-day.

This child whom we shall call Remus, is clad in a loose, white robe which has a purple border, and the school-house which he enters each morning is a shed-like structure, supplied with benches which have no backs.

The teacher stands in the front of the room dictating with great exactness some Latin poetry, line by line, which he wishes Remus and the other little Roman boys to learn. After each line is pronounced, the pupils shout it back at the teacher at the top of their voices. By this process Remus learns many poems, for in this first school the Roman boys have no books, but are taught by the oral method.

Everything young Remus must learn in this fashion, even arithmetic, and here is one of his problems and its answer:—Problem:—"If from five ounces one be subtracted, what is the remainder?" Answer: "a third of a penny."

Little Remus must rise early, for his school begins before sunrise, as it is so warm in his country that school must close before mid-day. Each boy takes a candle and by these the school room is lighted until the sun rises.

The Roman week was not divided as ours is, and so little Remus does not enjoy the welcome Saturdays and Sundays as we do, but

what is still better to him, the Roman calendar contains one hundred twenty-six sacred holidays.

After completing the course in the elementary school, Remus enters the grammar school, where he devotes most of his time to the study of the Greek and Latin poets.

His text books are very clumsy consisting of several sheets of papyrus paper pasted together to form one long sheet. The right and left edges of the strip are glued to thin strips of wood, and the sheet is rolled around the right hand strip. As he reads he unwinds the roll from one strip and winds it onto the other. When read through, the whole sheet must be wound again onto the right hand strip when it is again ready for use.

When through the grammar school, Remus enters the highest school of the Romans, the school of rhetoric, which corresponds to our colleges, but which was not attended by the boys of the poorer classes. While here he learns much of the prose writings of the Greeks and Romans. He also learns to debate and declaim and is now prepared to enter the arena as a public speaker.

~~~~~  
"What's the row over on the next street?"

"Only a wooden wedding."

"Wooden wedding?"

"Yes; a couple of Poles getting married."

~~~~~  
"How far is it around the world?"

In girlish innocence asked she.

"Ah, I will measure it," he said,

"If you will permit me to, and see."

Then when his strong right arm he placed

About her waist so small and trim,

He found it wasn't very far,

For she was all the world to him.

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"VENI, VIDI, VICI."

BY HAZEL BROAD.

Julius Caesar, a mighty man was he;
A Roman brave and true;
He conquered all of Cisalpine Gaul,
And some of Britain too.

And when all Gaul he had pacified,
And made the Rhine the Roman frontier;
O, then he crossed the Rubicon,
And filled all Italy with fear.

But against Pompey alone was his rage kindled,
And him alone did he crush.
Next the great empire did he found,
At which no present ruler would blush.

But assassin's daggers soon cut short
His ambitious plans and schemes.
And of him who once aspired to the crown
Historians now write reams.

But the mighty Roman is living still,
His spirit fills the air;
His presence is felt in our own High School,
And tracks each Sophomore to his lair.

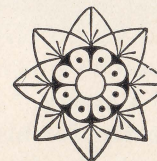
Yes, Cuesar indeed is famous yet,
And he haunts us, every one;
And do you think we'll be rid of him,
When our history lesson is done?

But, "No! No! No!" hear each Sophomore say,
His "Commentaries" do we read.
And to Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar,"
Of praise we must give our mead.

"I came," and "I saw," and "I conquered!"
The mighty Caesar said this.
Alas! You knew too well Caesar,
That we your awful constructions would miss.

So this is the tale of each Sophomore drear,
And this is his sorrowful fate;
And each exclaims with the conspirators of old,
"O, Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!"

—[POETA.]



— A HUNTING EXPEDITION —
2nd PRIZ CARTOON.
BY
LOLA VANE.



R. Nichols,
High Ramrod Wielder — J. R. Steagall, Sharpshooter



1st PRIZE CARTOON.
BY
FRANK DUFRAIN.

THE CAREER OF JOAN OF ARC.

FOR ORATION, 2ND PRIZE, LOLA M. VANE.

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
‘This is my own, my native land?’ ”

What is dearer to the heart of a true man than his country? From earliest childhood we are taught to revere the land of our birth, and that nothing short of our best service is worthy of our country. It is not only connected with our earliest recollections, but it is associated with our noblest, purest feelings.

How many noble men in history have cheerfully and gladly given up friends, home, life, all, in behalf of country!

Take for example Nathan Hale, one of America's greatest patriots. He was born in the state of Connecticut, and entered the army of the revolution at the beginning of the war. He rapidly rose to a place of distinction, and gained several important victories for his cause. While on an expedition to New York to ascertain the strength of the enemy's ships, he was taken prisoner by the British. Denied a minister, denied the privilege of writing a farewell letter to his mother, refused a Bible, he died with these words upon his lips: “I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.”

Abraham Lincoln serves as another illustration. At the time he entered the legislature the abolitionists were in the highest activity. There, being brought face to face with the slavery question, he soon divined that unless this traffic was crushed, his nation would be ruined. When he assumed the presidential chair, the great Civil War broke out, and after a long, dark period of four years, it ended with the surrender of Lee. The war was over and every loyal heart rejoiced. Lincoln's praise was on every tongue. The patient man who had suffered the pain of a thousand deaths

during the war; who had been misunderstood and condemned by friends, as well as enemies, had liberated a race, had saved his country. His life, as we all know, paid the forfeit.

The annals of history are not filled with the stories of great men alone—women, too, have their places in these records of patriotism.

Molly Pitcher at the battle of Monmouth illustrates the truth. Her husband, an artilleryman, was shot at his post. Molly, not thinking of the risk she ran, or the loss of a loved one for country's sake, bravely seized the rammer, and with great skill and courage, performed her husband's duty.

Mrs. Jefferson also manifested her courage and devotion to country by entering the burning capitol, and risking her life to save the national documents.

Let us now consider the career of Joan of Arc. Her memory is cherished by the French as a dear treasure, and her name is never mentioned but with a brightening of the eye.

In 1492, the English had overrun nearly the whole of France, and were besieging New Orleans. Charles VII despaired of being able to recover his country.

On the outskirts of the little village of Domremy, lived Joan D' Arc, daughter of a common serf. When she was fourteen years old, she became possessed by the idea that she was to free her country from English invaders. Accordingly, she went to the court of Charles and informed him that she was destined by Heaven to free her country and restore to him his kingdom.

Attired in white armor, and bearing a standard covered with fleur-de-lis and religious emblems, she presented herself to the French army, then defending the city of New Orleans. After a series of desperate conflicts, in which she displayed the greatest courage and audacity, the English were exhausted and abandoned the siege, and Charles was crowned at Rheims, just four months after his interview with the maid.

What was the reward of her timely aid? Base ingratitude!

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In one of the closing battles she was taken prisoner by the enemy, and accused of heresy. Her friends pleaded with Charles to ransom her, but he neglected to do so. Not only did the French people neglect to ransom her, but they actually sold her to the English regent for ten thousand pounds. Her after career could but be brief.

After a long, wearisome trial, the tortured and devoted maid was led to the stake. In the market-place at Rouen, Joan of Arc, a martyr to her country, met her untimely death.

Thus died this heroine of France, whose fellow-countrymen condemned her for professing to hear heavenly voices, urging her to defend her beloved country.

Several great authors have expressed their opinions of the character of the Maid of Orleans. Friedrich Schiller in his romantic tragedy, "Die Jungfrau von Orleans," has pictured Joan as a beautifully ideal character. Her patriotism has its roots and draws confidence from her religion. Schiller portrays her, simple and childlike, yet dignified and strong, and when at last, perfected through suffering, she goes to her triumphant death, she is no longer the childish enthusiast, but the clear-eyed idealist who feels the breath of the inspiration: "Short is the pain; eternal is the joy."

Shakespeare in his King Henry VI, pictures her in all the glory of the battle-field where, with her brave example and noble inspiration, she leads her fellow-countrymen to victory.

Other writers have grossly criticized her and underrated her achievements. But who of us shall attempt to judge her? In a book as old as time we read: "With what measure ye mete it shall be meted unto you again."

For a time, Joan of Arc was the idol of the army and the terror of the English, but her career was brief. Her life but illustrates the truth of Gray's beautiful sentiment: "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

AN IDLE BOY.

1ST PRIZE FOR COMIC, BY LEON G. SELBY

An idle young urchin, accustomed to sing
Through the warm, sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at school,
His head was quite empty and he was a fool.

Not the value could he,

Find of x, y or z;

Not a problem could he see,

That involved a or b;

"Now, what will become," says this urchin, "of me?"

Aroused by punishment with ferule, I'm told,
All shaking with fear of a termagant scold,
Away he set off to take a good skate,
And said to the boys, "at noon I'll come late."

At noon he came late,

The stars ceased to shine,

He was kept in till five,

But felt like 'twas nine.

Here endeth my story,

There's a moral, you see:

Be prompt when the bell rings,

Else no stars will you see.





Residences of W. G. NICHOLS and MRS. J. H. LLOYD.
A VIEW OF WALNUT STREET.

M. E. PARSONAGE.
ISLAND PARK VIEW.

JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

GRINDS.

N - l - - e L - g - ry.

"Her modest and graceful air shows her wise and good as she is graceful."—Whittier.

M - ss L - n - h - n.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

S - n - - r C - a - s.

"Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness."—Shakespeare.

J - y - e W - i - e.

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax."—Longfellow.

L - u - a K - l - - y.

"None knew thee but to love thee;
None named thee but to praise."—Halleck.

D - l - e - t R - l - t - n.

"Thou had'st a voice whose sound was like the sea."—Wordsworth.

C - a - - e A - ams.

"One vast, substantial smile."—Anonymous.

J. R. St - - g - l l and D - - k N - c - o - s.

"And the rabbit from his pathway leaped aside, and at a distance sat erect upon his haunches."—Longfellow.

C - a - e - o - - er.

"To wear long faces just as our Maker,
The God of goodness was an undertaker."—Pindar.

L - u r - - - e Rh - m - r.

"Some people have a perfect genius for doing nothing, and for doing it assiduously."—Haliburton.

L - c - l - e F - - h.

"For God on thee His gifts hast also poured."—Milton.

L - - a V - - e.

"His imposing figure and dignified manner enable him to hazard sentiments or assertions that would be fatal to others."—Irving.

The H - l - s.

"Order is Heaven's first law."—Pope.

H - z - l B - o - d.

"A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual all-in-all."—Wordsworth.

F - e - - m - n.

"Such pretty little flowers,
Like to orphans young."—Herrick.

P - r - h K - l - - y.

"This good young man was quiet and self-contained.
Too old for his years by far."—Kipling.

S - p - s.

"Why is it these scholars abuse one another whenever they speak?"—Saxe

M - r - l - X - by.

"For she is wise if I can judge her."—Shakespeare.

E - - a P - t - m - n.

"Her candle goeth not out by night."—Proverb.

M - t t - e S - e - s - n.

"A face with gladness overspread,
Sweet looks by human kindness bred."—Wordsworth.

C - r - ie H - n - on.

"All looks yellow to the jaundiced eye."—Pope.

M - ss G - o - - s.

"An honest and plain heart that holds no confederacy with any known sin, keeps a quiet conscience e'en under affliction itself."—Hale.

H - s - o - y C - a - s.

"Overpass quickly in your minds what you remember of the treasures of Greek antiquity."—Ruskin.

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F - o - B - - - n.

"The brilliant black eye may in triumph let fly
All its darts without caring who feels 'em."—Moore.

Boys G - e e C - - b.

"Musical Cherubs, soar singing away."—Hogg.

M - n - ie W - l - - t.

"As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile."—Sheridan.

I - e - e B - c - n - r.

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thou o'er books
Consumed the mid-night oil?"—Fable.

M - r - i - t G - r - e - t.

"Of temperamorous as the first of May."—Tennyson.

L - c - - e P - r - d - s.

"A half disdain perched on the blossoms of her lips."—Tennyson.

N - l - ie H - - g.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low,
An excellent thing in a woman."—Shakespeare.

J - s - p - - ne T - f - a - y.

"And timidly again uprise the fringed lids of hazel
eyes with soft brown tresses overflown."—Whittier.

J - m - s C - o - by.

"Of quiet ways, a student of old books and ways."—Longfellow.

S - u - h R - - m.

"Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on future mischief bent."—Palmer.

F - a - k W - a - er.

"All little curly-headed, good for nothing
And mischief making monkey."—Byron.

M - ss C - a - l.

"Some people were born musical."—Aptharp.

S - a - t - n V - n I - w - g - n.

"Stanton has no heart they say; but I deny it:
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."—Rogers.

L - t - ie H - s - .

"Like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet."—Author unknown.

R. E. S - l - y.

"Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disaster in his morning face."—Goldsmith.

Ga. B - nn - tt.

"Bashfulness is an ornament to youth."—Aristotle.

M - ss D - ay - r.

"When angry count ten before you speak,
If very angry, a hundred."—Jefferson.

Leave I has let.

"It is exercise alone that supports the spirits and
keeps the mind in vigor."—Cicero.

M. D - r - am.

"Talent of the highest order and such as is calculated to command
admiration, may exist apart from wisdom."—Hale.

H - l - - e S - l - y.

"One too wholly true to dream untruth."—Tennyson.

J - s - ie G - r - e -

"Thy actions to thy words accord."—Milton.

- na - i - h.

"If she smiled a light was on her face."—Cowper.

Mr. P - rt - r.

"We can live without poetry, music and art.
We can live without conscience,
We can live without heart,
We can live without knowledge;
What is knowledge but pining?
But where is the man
Who can live without dining?"—Meredith.

R - b - rt S - r - .

"Whoever heard of fat men heading a riot,
or herding together in turbulent mobs."—Holmes,

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GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

Irene Buckner,	Emma Pittman,	Floye Brown,	Meryl Boyd,	Jennie Pittman,	Lucille Paradis,	Minnie Wilmot.
Nellie Loghrey,	Virgie Tabler,	Marguerite Durham,	Florence Crail,	Laura Kelsey,	Bessie Bennett,	Hal'ie Selby.
		Lottie Hess,		Lola Vane,		

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(1

OUR HIGH SCHOOL.

BY MRS. A. G. KÄLLANDER.

There is a High School, || in our town, ||
And there the scholars, || sit them down, ||
And read their books so studiously
It surely is a lovely sight to see.

CHORUS.

For it's study, study, study,
Morning, evening, noon and night,
From the time the sun uprises,
'Till it sets, sets, sets,
Then its study, study, study, study till you feel
Just crammed with knowledge from your head to your heel,
For that's the only way, don't you see,
You ever can hope great to be.

There are six teachers, || in High School, ||
Who teach us everything, || by rule, ||
And tho' our souls with lessons hard they grind,
They are our friends at last we find. CHO.

All four of the classes, || are so bright, ||
They always have their || lessons right, ||
And they all hope to graduate
With the very highest honors in the state. CHO.

YEAR BOOK SONG.

BY MRS. A. G. KÄLLANDER.

(Tune—Mush, Mush, Mush.)

For the Freshman, life's one round of pleasure,
For the Sophomore, too, it's a lark,
But to one that belongs to the Juniors,
Life looks pretty earnest and dark;
We have lessons to get like the others,
But when others with lessons are done,
And have gone out for sweet recreation,
We must still keep pegging along,

CHORUS.

For it's rush, rush, rush, rush with the Year Book,
And it's rush, rush, rush, rush night and day,
Don't bother me for I am busy.—
Today is my busiest day.

Let the Freshman go out for a picnic,
Let the Sophomores do as they will,
But the Junior has far too much doing,
He's climbing up Fame's rugged hill.
Our Year Book is sure to bring glory,
'Twill be talked of for long years to come;
And we'll have a fine time as Seniors,
With our work on the Year Book all done. CHO.

THEY NEVER WENT TO OUR HIGH SCHOOL.

BY MRS. A. G. KÄLLANDER.

(Tune—Mr. Dooly.)

O, once there was a wicked man,
His name was Captain Kidd,
He cut off men's and women's heads,
And all their gold he hid;
O, he did many wicked things
Which are against the rule,
But you must bear in mind he nev-
Er went to our High School.

CHORUS.

O, we're the High School, the Momence High School;
Onward, upward is our only rule
We keep things humming!
Just hear us coming!
We're a genuine, accredited High School.

Once there was an Indian,
His name was Powhatan.
He tried to kill the bold John Smith
Who was a noble man;
O, he did many wicked things
Which are against the rule,
But you must bear in mind he nev-
Er went to our High School.

CHO.

O, once there was a wicked queen,
Her name was Jezebel,
Ahasueras caused her death
As from a wall she fell.
O, she did many wicked things
Which are against the rule,
But you must bear in mind she nev-
Er went to our High School.

CHO.

Now, if these folks had had our chance,
No one of us can say,
But what they might have tried to live,
In quite a different way!
'Tis true they did many things
Which are against the rule,
But bear in mind, dear friends, they nev-
Er went to our High School.

CHO.



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BOYS' GLEE CLUB.

Paul Hanson.	Dean Kelsey.	Will Durham.	Delbert Ralston.	Clare Porter.	Levi Haslett.	Robert Spry.
Frank Weaver.	Harry Hoag.	Porch Kelsey.	J. R. Steagall.	George Jarvis.	Will Hanson.	Frank Cleary.
		Rex Vane.	Jay Garrett.	Gaylord Hess.		

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MY FIRST WHIPPING.

BY ALICE MARIE JACKSON.

FIRST PRIZE COMPOSITION—ROOM 3, LORAINÉ.

One fine summer day my cousin and I were going to take a basket of things to my grandma.

We got started all right. When we got in front of Hoag's butcher shop, my cousin and I each took an apple out of a basket. The basket was in front of the store on a box.

Papa was in his store and saw me take the apple. I knew it was wrong, though I was only eight years old, but the apple looked so good that I was tempted to take it.

When we got in front of papa's store he asked me where I was going and I told him I was going to take a basket of things to grandma. He said that I was not going to do any such a thing and that I had to go right back home.

When I reached home, mamma asked me why I didn't go to grandma's and I told her that papa would not let me go. She asked me what I had done, and I told her and she said she thought papa would whip me because he did not want me to steal.

Just then papa came in. In his hand he had a little rawhide, and I knew what was going to happen, so I began to cry and tell him that I would not take anything more. He was very strict and said that I would not get off so easy this time.

Then I ran to mamma and told her not to let papa whip me.

Papa told me to get ready because he was going to whip me and be sure that I would not do it again.

After he had given me a whipping he asked me if I would take the apples back to Miss Hoag or take another whipping. I told him that I would take another whipping, because I did not want to have to take the apples back.

Papa said all right and was just going to give me another whipping when I told him that I would take the apples back.

Papa went with me and he made me apologize for taking the

apples. Miss Hoag gave me a whole sack full of apples, and then she said that she was very sorry to think that I took the apples. She told me if I wanted any more apples to come and ask her for some.

I have never forgotten my first whipping and my first lesson.

FOUR LUSTY HIGH SCHOOLS.

(TUNE — "THREE LITTLE CHESTNUTS.")

Four lusty high schools
Met in a track meet,
Down by the great Kankakee.
One Hercher, and one St. Anne,
Momence and big Kankakee.

Three lusty high schools
Wanted the honors,
And tried to win the day.
Two said "There, that was not fair"
And one said, "I wont play".

Two lusty high schools
Thought they were "in it",
Bobbled up ever so bold.
One said "Oh, we wont dare blow"
And one said "My, aren't we sold!"

One lusty high school
Took all the prizes,
Their name Momence will fit.
St. Anne said "Oh!" Kankakee said "Go!"
Momence said "We are it!"

One little moral
You must remember,
If you would win great fame,
Never boast and never roast,
Or you may be roasted the same!"

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

INTRODUCTION.

The Year Book staff of 1905 decided that it would be a good plan to have each grade of the schools represented in the Year Book, and consequently offered prizes to each grade.

By this plan the pupils in the grades have been given a chance to develop their talents, and it is hoped more people will become interested in the Year Book from year to year.

The plan has been successful thus far and many entries were made from each grade, and the pupils seemed pleased to be given the opportunity.

The following are the names of the pupils who won the prizes offered by the Year Book for the best work done in certain lines of work by pupils of the grades:

Room 1, Central School—For best and second best report cards. First—Catherine Peterson. Second—Vivian Edwards.

Room 2, Central School—For best construction work. First—Lorena McKinstry. Second—Blanche Hanson.

Room 3, Central School—For best construction work. First—Helen Moran. Second—Loren McKinstry.

Room 4, Central School—For best composition. First—Virginia Woodward. Second—Frank Bernier.

Room 5, Central School—For best composition. First—Lucia Van Inwagen. Second—Edith Sweet.

Room 6, Central School—For best map of a group of states. First—Anna Franklin. Second—Stella Franklin.

Room 1, Loraine—For the best sewing card. First—Etta Fessler. Second—Lorena Hasney.

Room 2, Loraine—For best cube constructed of heavy paper. First—Vladimir Lafave. Second—Eldon Cremer.

Room 3, Loraine—For best composition. First—Marie Jackson. Second—Clara Olson.

Room 4, Loraine—For best business letter. First—Leon Selby. Second—Louise Astle.

The prizes were one dollar each for first and fifty cents each for second. The young people who participated in the contest, but did not win prizes, handed in some excellent work, and in many cases the markings of the judges showed very little difference in the merit of the work. We hope that next year those that did not earn prizes this year will again enter the contest and will make such improvement that they, too, may be enlisted among the successful competitors. Remember that the prize offered is not the only value derived from this work. Every one of the great number (perhaps more than two hundred, we have not the exact figures at hand) derived benefit from having done the work.

A LITTLE WILD RABBIT.

SECOND PRIZE—ROOM 4, CENTRAL SCHOOL.

BY FRANK BERNIER.

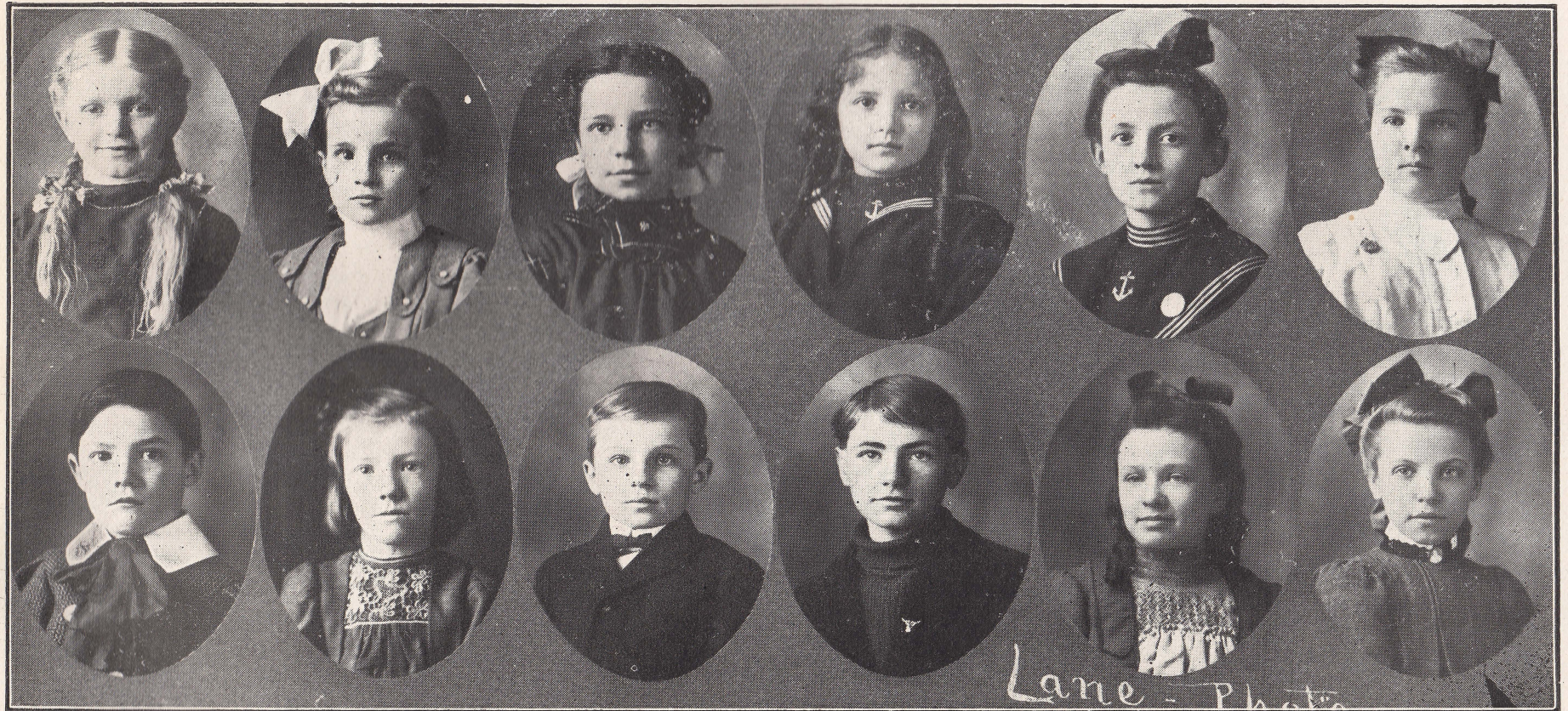
One morning as I was going to school, in winter, the snow was falling fast. There was much snow then. I was walking fast. As I looked down on the roadside, I saw something.

It was a little rabbit. He was very cold, so cold that he could not walk or run. I went towards him. He did not move. I picked him up. He was nearly dead.

I started to run with him. As I was running I put him under my coat. When I got to school, he was warm. I took him into the school-room. My teacher said to me, "what have you got in your hands?"

She looked at him, and said, "put him under the stove." As I put him under the stove he opened his eyes. In a few moments he got up and started to run. During school-time, he hopped, and skipped all over the room.

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CENTRAL SCHOOL, GRADE PRIZE WINNERS.

FIRST ROW, FIRST PRIZES.

Catherine Peterson.

Lorena McKinstry.

Helen Moran.

Virginia Woodward.

Lucia Van Inwagen.

Anna Franklin.

SECOND ROW, SECOND PRIZES.

Vivian Edwards.

Blanche Hanson.

Loren McKinstry.

Frank Bernier.

Edith Sweet.

Stella Franklin.

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LORAIN SCHOOL, GRADE PRIZE WINNERS.

FIRST ROW, FIRST PRIZE WINNERS.

Etta Fessler.

Vladimir Lafave.

Marie Jackson.

Leon Selby.

SECOND ROW, SECOND PRIZES.

Lorena Hasney.

Eldon Cremer.

Clara Olson.

Louise Astle.

THE BOY ON THE FARM.

BY R. E. SELBY, SUPT.

I know no more appropriate prelude with which to introduce my theme, "The Boy on the Farm," than a short selection from our simple Quaker poet:

"Blessings on thee, little man,
 Barefoot boy with cheek of tan;
 With thy turned up pantaloons,
 And thy merry whistled tunes;
 With thy red lips, redder still
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill:
 With the sunshine on thy face,
 Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace,
 From my heart I give thee joy,—
 I was once a barefoot boy!
 Prince thou art,—the grown up man
 Only is republican.
 Let the million-dollared ride!
 Barefoot trudging at his side,
 Thou hast more than he can buy
 In the reach of ear and eye,—
 Outward sunshine, inward joy:
 Blessings on thee barefoot boy."

The boy on the farm is, as all other boys are, born at an early period of his existence, and had in former days, and I suspect has yet, a great variety of what the world calls ups and downs, which let us now proceed to consider.

From the boy's point of view, the first serious disadvantage which he encounters is his birthplace, for, while it is generally conceded that man is the architect of his own fortune, the boy,—it is never permitted to him to be the architect of his own birthplace. In my opinion the ideal birthplace for a boy is a farm-house not too remote from a good public school.

I am asked, "Why a farm?" There is always work on the farm for a boy to do from the time he is able to walk—there are

chickens to feed, cattle to water, weeds to pull in the garden, and one thousand and one other things that no boy who was not raised on a farm can appreciate. Notwithstanding the boy usually looks upon his employments as hindrances to advancement in life, yet, I wish to urge upon the boys the verified statement that these are instruments which first disciplined many of the noblest minds the world has ever produced. Study the life of a Bryant, a Whittier, a Garfield, a Grant, a Lincoln, and then answer me—are they hindrances? Study carefully the lives of the successful men of any community—inquire into their boyhood days. Were they born in palaces and reared in luxury and idleness? You answer me in the negative. Then I affirm that the farmer boy naturally enters the world with better prospects for a successful life than does the city boy.

In most villages the greater number of the younger and many of the older boys have no regular employment, and, as a consequence, spend their time after school hours and during vacations in idleness, and where? I said in idleness, but who ever knew an idle boy? No boy is ever idle. If he is not given something to do—some profitable and harmless employment, he will make a damaging one. If he finds no good book to read, he will read a vile one; if not taught and permitted to indulge in harmless games and sports, he will in an underhanded way, engage in harmful ones. Thus we see the greatest blessing a boy can have is some steady employment, for in the words of that great philosopher Franklin: "Sloth like rust consumes faster than labor wears while the used key is always bright."

Another reason why I consider the farm, the ideal place for boys is, that it furnishes the very best opportunity for the development of those faculties, which are of so much use in life, and which go to make up the ideal man. All philosophers from antiquity to the present time—Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, Franklin and Dr. Harris—have held that the chief difference between man and the lower animals is the possession by man of the powers of reasoning, and that man rises above the humbler creatures of the

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earth just in proportion as these powers are developed, and sinks towards their level as these powers are neglected.

The great educational reformers of the last two centuries—Rosseau, Froebel, Pestalozzi, Comenius, Basedow, Page, Horace Mann, and scores of others who spent their entire lives studying educational problems, have clearly demonstrated that observation of nature furnishes the best means of developing and forming the fundamental apperceptive masses and experiences which are to constitute the foundation-stones of reason and furnish man the key which shall unlock the mysteries of the world. The man, if he be a man, must think—reason. Childhood is a preparation for manhood—it is as real, yea, as important. In manhood we are to come face to face, and grapple with many problems and difficulties. We must either free ourselves from the limitations of nature or be forever nature's slaves. To emancipate ourselves from this bondage, requires that we have a harmoniously and symmetrically developed being. Those who have children in their charge must see that those in their care are taught to know, feel and do correctly.

What a world of opportunities does the farmer boy possess! What a cabinet of materials does the teacher in the rural district have at hand! Surrounded by all nature, animate and lifeless! The buzzing bee, the humming bird, the flowering and flowerless plants, all varieties of soil, miniature forms of land and water, green meadows, and waving fields of golden grain whose very motions may be made to illustrate the movements of the briny deep—all of these teach lessons which the pomp and luxury of princes cannot purchase, yet they are the heritage of every farmer boy who has good eyes and ears.

Is it any wonder that the father of American poetry, while yet a youth of eighteen summers, was inspired to write such lines as these:—

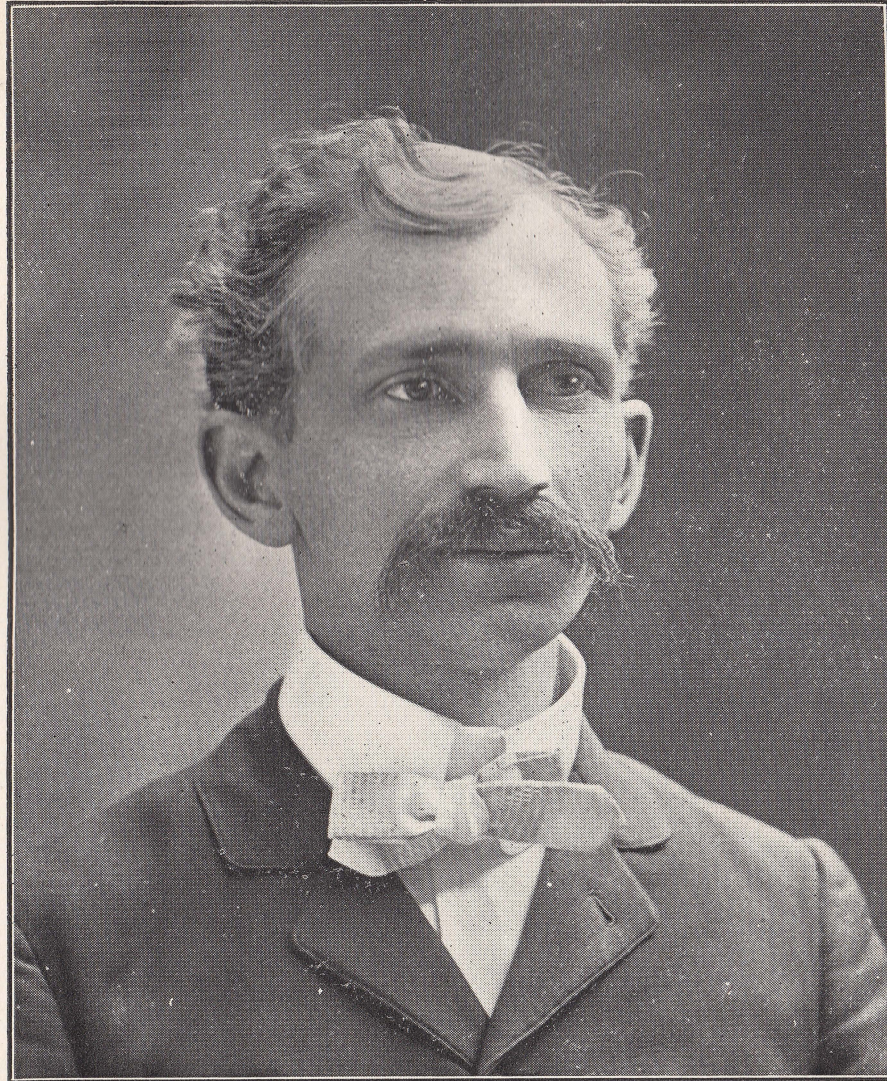
To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.

What a contrast to all this is the environment of the city lad! A friend of mine who is in charge of one of the large schools near the business center of the city of Chicago has told me many interesting facts concerning the disadvantages to which city children are subject. Thousands of these children, he says, born in tenement houses and basements, in the foul and stifling atmosphere of damp and gloomy apartments, are checked in their proper growth and development on account of the lack of that which the poorest country lad enjoys in abundance: viz., sunshine and pure atmosphere.

As the city lad grows up, his sports, if he have any, must of necessity be indoors or in the public street, for only the very wealthy can afford lawns. 'Tis true there are the public parks, but when he visit them he is confronted continually with these words or similar ones:—"Keep off the grass," "Don't throw your peanut hulls in this park." The country lad may travel for hours and hours by babbling brooks, through orchards laden with luscious fruits, through fields of ripening grain, through forests where grow the giant oak, the stately hickory and the graceful walnut, just as God willed they should grow;—and what does he see at every turn? Not those horrid signs, not those hot-house plants, which have had two-thirds of their beauty and most of their God-given fragrance cultivated out of them, but he does see that which teaches him to observe and reflect—he sees God's goodness, God's divine plan revealed in nature.

Many children born and reared in the hearts of some of our great cities have never seen a blade of grass growing. In certain

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*R. E. SELBY, SUPT.
MOMENCE UNION SCHOOLS.*

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tests given to the children from eight to twelve years of age in the Boston schools, it was discovered that only fifteen per cent. of these children knew that coal is taken from the ground—many thought that it grows on trees. Only twenty per cent. of these children knew from what flour is made—quite a few thought it a variety of soil. But the one thing that astonishes us most is that only ten per cent. of the children in one of the largest schools in that great “Hub of the Solar System,” knew that beans are a vegetable, grow on vines and in pods. These statements seem almost like fairy stories, but nevertheless they come from very reliable sources.

Of course, the boy in the smaller cities and villages has environment much more favorable than does the boy of the larger city, and yet there are many things he learns in school that are mere words to him, because he has not the apperceptive power with which to interpret the symbol. The city boy in the high school rattles off long lists of long difficult scientific names—*alba quercus*, white oak; *quercus rubra*, red oak; *pyrus malus*, common apple, etc., *ad infinitum*, but when he visits his country cousin and with him takes a stroll into the fields, this city lad calls sugar cane broom corn; oats, he calls wheat. They enter the orchard and the city boy finds himself unable to distinguish a pear tree from an apple tree; in the forest, not only is he unable to distinguish the different varieties of oak whose Latin names he had so assiduously studied, but his cousin laughs in his sleeve to find that this lad from the great city is searching for hickory nuts on an oak tree.

But let this suffice for the proof of my first statement, that the ideal birth-place for a boy is on a farm, and let us now consider the second part of the proposition, not too remote from a good public school. The fundamental principle upon which this government is based, is that “all men are born equal and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, chief among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.” In the preamble to our national constitution our forefathers declared its intent to be

“to form a more perfect union, to establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.”

I do not believe as one of our later statesmen has said that “these men builded wiser than they dreamed of.” They saw at that remote period the future of a great republic. They decreed it and it was so. Their Utopia, was a government in which all were to be peers—a government which would forever exclude feudalism, a system which would suck the very life-blood from the veins of the common people. They framed a government which made it possible for a pioneer farmer boy, born of humble parentage and in a log cabin, to rise, as by magic, until he occupied the seat of honor of the greatest nation the sun has ever yet shone upon; and more boys born on the farm have risen to that position, than have boys from all other pursuits combined.

These great “Fathers of the Republic” were not building a temporary government to serve their immediate needs—they were building for posterity. They saw that a “government of the people, for the people, and by the people,—a government which welcomes to its bourne the poor and persecuted of all lands—a government in which many of the boys and girls who occupy the the positions of honor and trust of one generation are the sons and daughters of the poor man of the preceding, could be perpetuated only by a system of free public education based on principles as broad and philanthropic as those which formed the corner-stone of the Declaration of Independence itself. Recognizing the value of schools founded by churches and other philanthropic agencies, they realized that if universal suffrage was to be permitted, that a system of free schools must be an important factor in the education of our citizens. Hence I affirm that the public school system had its origin with the government itself, has been a process of evolution, and is a part of every American child’s birthright.

What then should the public school do for the boy on the farm?

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It should do for him exactly what it should do for every other boy—no more and certainly no less. It should make him an honest, intelligent, patriotic, broad-minded American citizen. It should educate his complete being—physical, moral and mental. All the studies taught in the public school should tend toward the accomplishment of these ends. The school can be and ought to be made a model republic, where the pupil attends for the purpose of learning how to live and how to make the spirit of the world his own, and not for the purpose of having poured into his brain, as if it were a rubber vessel capable of expansion, isolated, non-related facts.

While pupils in the public school, boys and girls should study science for the purpose of quickening their powers of observation, language that they may communicate their thoughts to others intelligently both orally and in writing, mathematics that they may learn to reason correctly, business forms that they may enter into the spirit of the commercial world, and history and geography that they may become intelligent citizens not only of their own country but of the world.

While our public schools in all communities are not fulfilling these ideals, yet they are making strides in the right direction, and diffusing a general intelligence which makes the American citizenship the most intelligent in the world. No nation has ever before existed that could in a three-month recruit its army and navy from a peace footing to a gigantic power as to make the whole civilized world tremble before her. The ideal place for a boy to be born then should not be too far from a good public school.

True, we often hear it said that so many of our successful men received little or no education, but if you will examine the history of these men you will find that each enjoyed better opportunities when a boy than did his parents and grandparents, but did not the times demand more of the son than of the father? I realize that if my son is to succeed in life, he must enter upon his life career

much more thoroughly prepared than did I. The times will demand it. Is it not equally true of every boy—the city boy and the farmer boy alike? If our boys do not meet these demands somebody's boys will, and hence succeed where ours fail.

The old feuds which formerly existed between the town and country lad have given away to feelings of brotherly kindness, and they now meet face to face and on equal footings in the same schools and churches. No longer does the town boy guy some country urchin who chances to pass him on the street until the country lad is compelled by his self-respect to turn upon him and give him a sound whipping. What agency has wrought these changes? I answer the public schools. The boy on the farm has entered the village and city schools and has proved his intellectual powers equal to that of any other boy on the face of the earth, and that the large fund of ideas and regular habits of industry formed in his childhood days are a firm foundation upon which to build his intellectual, moral, spiritual and physical beings.

Too often the farmer boys have this birthright withheld from them until they have lost all interest. Certainly every boy ought to be taught thrift and economy, but, if the chief aim of life is, "to raise more corn to feed more hogs, to buy more land, to raise more corn to feed more hogs, to buy more land, etc., until one owns every foot of land that adjoins him, so to speak, is life worth living, or is not all vanity?

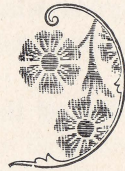
The boy on the farm is born into the world with better opportunities than any other boy in the world; his face is as fair, sound his namt, it is as musical, weigh it, it is as heavy. No scientist has yet discovered that his brain is smaller, that it is inferior in quality or that different blood flows in his veins. Why should he be deprived of the opportunities which an all-wise God has given him? Why drive him through the early part of his life at railroad speed, not giving him time to develop his natural powers.

"I like the lad who, when his father thought

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To clip his morning nap by hackneyed praise
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried, "Served him right! 'tis not at all surprising;
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising."

The boy on the farm deserves and must have better educational advantages. Schools must and will be established in the near future with courses of study so adapted as to meet the needs of the of the older farmer boys. By this I do not wish to be understood as advocating any new fads. We need none, but what the rural community needs, is a good central school to which the older boys and girls may be sent, a school with sufficient teaching force and courses of study so arranged that the boys and girls who are needed at home during the busy seasons of the year, may pursue a systematic course, and, though they may be a little longer at it, may receive the same credit as the boys or girls who can remain in school during the nine or ten months school is in session. That such schools are possible can not be doubted, and when parents are awakened to their needs they will exist. When the boy on the farm is given the full opportunity to realize his full possibilities and yet remain a farmer, the exodus of boys and girls from the farms to the cities will be checked, life on the farm will be elevated and the most independent of all occupations will become the most noble.



S M I L E S .

Who sits and waits for dead men's shoes,
In which to make his climb,
Will leave no footprints of his own
Upon the sands of time.

Q. If a farmer should raise 250 bushels of corn in dry weather, what can he raise in wet weather?

A. An umbrella.

Hey, pap, a fellar told me dey burried George Washington standin' up.

Did he say why, Patsy?

Yep. 'Cause dey cudden't make him lie.

My name is Mox,
I sella de sox.
You put them in the water,
They never get wet;
The longer you wear 'em
The stronger they get.

Teacher—Mushrooms always grow in damp places.

Pupil—That's why they look like umbrellas, ain't it?

ROME IN HER INFANCY.

SECOND PRIZE—ROOM 5, CENTRAL SCHOOL.

BY EDITH SWEET.

Many hundreds of years ago on the green banks of the Tiber River, about fifteen miles from its mouth, a little city was gradually growing up to fight the other countries near it, and, although very slowly, to conquer them.

Perhaps you would like to know how this little city was started, so I will try and tell you.

A long time ago a very wicked king ruled the city of Alba Longa. His name was Amulius, and he had a brother who rightfully belonged to the throne, but as he himself had a son whom he wished to have the throne after he died, he drove the good king out of his kingdom, put his daughter, Rhea Silvia, into the Temple of Vesta, and last of all threw Rhea Silvia's two boys into the Tiber River.

They floated down the river to a place about fifteen miles from the mouth of the river. There they were washed ashore. It was there a wolf found them and took care of them until they were old enough to take care of themselves, when one day a shepherd found them and took care of them until they were young men.

These boys, Romulus and Remus, were sons of the god Mars.

They wanted to build a city on the spot where they had been washed ashore, but they didn't know what to name it, for of course each wanted it named after himself.

One day as they were quarrelling over it Romulus killed Remus, and then of course it was named after himself, Rome. As Romulus was very fierce and warlike, he wanted his people to grow and fight.

To help rule the people Romulus chose the old men of the city and called them senators.

Romulus ruled thirty-seven years, and then he was carried up to heaven by the god Mars, his father.

After Romulus was carried up into heaven Numa took the throne.

Now Numa did not want to fight all the time, but he wanted them to worship the gods more than they had.

At first only the rich people had farms, but after a while the poor people commenced to have little farms of three or four acres.

On these little farms they raised about the same vegetables as we raise here, cabbages, turnips, potatoes and grain.

Olive trees were grown, and the oil from them was used as butter.

The buildings were a tiny barn, a granary in which the grapes and other fruits were stored; the living house and two or three hives of bees. Of these bees nearly every farm had three or four hives, and in many places the honey was used almost entirely as sugar.

In those days they didn't have any threshing machines, and, indeed, there was hardly any machinery at all. First the grain was gathered in and the heads of the grain cut off; then the oxen walked back and forth over it to thresh it; then it was thrown up in the air and the wind would blow the chaff away and leave the grain clean. Then it was pounded between two stones to mash the grain.

Now it was thought ready to eat, so it was mixed with a little water and eaten with a relish, for it took so long to make it and there was so little of the grain *itself* that a cake of it was a treat.

The Romans had many gods whom they put great trust in, and thought that when trouble came to the land the gods were displeased.

Of these gods Mars was one of the strongest because he was the god of war.

When the land had war the men always went to him to pray him to give them the victory.

Then they went to the Temple of Vesta and prayed her to take care of their home and families.

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The Goddess of Vesta was supposed to be one who kept the fires in the home burning and the home cheerful and happy. In her temple girls from six to eight years were kept to keep the sacred fire burning.

Janus was another of these gods, and it was from him that we get our word January. One strange thing which was thought of this god was that he could see the beginning and ending of things and of time.

The image of him was made with a face in front and a face behind.

None but the rich people could have schools, and they were not public schools. Private tutors were employed and taught the pupils to write on waxen tablets with the stilus or pencil of iron.

Numa reigned thirty-nine years.

During all this time the doors of Janus had been closed because there was no war. After Numa died there were five other kings, and the last of them was Tarquin, The Proud, but he was so proud and ruled the people so harshly that they drove him out.

After him they had consuls to rule the people for two years, and then dictators, who ruled the people six months, and then if they did not like them they sent them off.

All this time Tarquin had not been idle, for he had determined to have his revenge on the people who had driven him from his throne.

So he went to a country north of Rome and got a king who was a friend of his to get all of his soldiers together and help him win his throne again.

The king, whose name was Porsenna, consented and took about 30,000 of his soldiers to fight the Romans.

They went to a hill near the Tiber River, named Janiculum.

When the Romans came out they laughed and jeered at them and dared them to come across.

Now the only way to cross the Tiber River was by a bridge near the foot of Janiculum. The townspeople of Rome were

cutting this bridge down so that the soldiers could not pass over, when a young man by the name of Horatius, and two companions, called to them to let them pass over to the other side.

The soldiers on the other side laughed and jeered at these lonely companions. Three men came up and were killed instantly, and when more soldiers came up the men with Horatius heard the people calling, "The bridge is falling." The two soldiers ran back, but Horatius stood his ground until it was too late to go back. Then Horatius recited a poem about and to the Tiber and then he leaped into the river. When he had arrived safely on the other side the people gave him as much land as four oxen could plow from morn until night. We have seen from this that Horatius and his companions must have been very brave to face so great an army as 30,000, and as there were many like him in Rome it is no wonder that she was so powerful, and afterwards conquered all the countries on the Mediterranean coast.

One of the reasons why Rome conquered so many countries was because she had so many good roads.

These, although many of them were built hundreds of years ago, are firm yet.

First the plans were laid, and they were laid so thickly together that sometimes Rome is called the spider-web. These roads went over hill, mountain, plain or valley.

They were made by first digging until the solid earth was struck, and then widening it until it was wide enough for four horses to walk abreast in it. Then a layer of small broken stones, cemented with lime; then larger stones, and last of all a cement of gravel and lime.

These fine roads were a great help in time of war.

The struggle between the patricians and plebians was great at that time because the plebians were so cruelly treated by the patricians. Even if the poor plebians were in debt, or did anything that one of the patricians didn't exactly like, he would march him off to jail.

But then how could the poor plebians know any better when they were never allowed to see the laws. After a struggle of four hundred years the laws were written on bronze tablets and hung in the Forum, a public market place, where everybody could see them and every boy had to learn them. They were also allowed to be vestal virgins, priests, consuls, and in short they had as many rights and privileges as the patricians.

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EIGHTH YEAR PROGRAMS.

During the first semester the eighth grade and the High School gave joint programs, but in the second semester, each room gave separate programs. The two sections of this room did not enter into a contest as it was deemed unwise, because so many new pupils had come from the Loraine building to this grade and had never taken part in literary programs.

PROGRAM — FIRST SECTION.

FEBRUARY 24, 1905.

Piano Solo	Erwin Beyerlein.	"Star of the Sea "
Original Story	Lenore Hapin.	" Innominata "
Recitation	Leon Selby.	" When Papa's Sick "
Sextet		
Prophecy of Eighth Year Class	Anna Keeler.	
Instrumental Duet	Louise Astle, Catherine Sweet.	" March Impromptu "
Recitation	Clara Burt.	" Saving Mother "
Girls' Chorus		
" Comedy of Errors "		Scene I
Piano Solo	Irene Garrett.	" Briar Rose Waltz "
" Comedy of Errors "		Scene II
Piano Solo	Eva Fish.	" Juggler "
" Comedy of Errors "		Scene III
Piano Solo	Elsie Mills.	" Shepherd's Dream "
Tableaux		
Boys' Glee Club		



APRIL 7, 1905.

Piano Solo	Louise Astle.	" In the Twilight "
Original Story	Minnie Scott.	
Epigrams	Three Wise Men.	
Mandolin Solo	Howard Walker.	
Dialogue	By the Participants.	Entirely " New "
Piano Solo	Eva Lilly.	Iuka March
Recitation	Frank Templeton.	" The Bald-Headed Man "
Circulating Library		
Popular Pieces with Variations	The Band.	
Trio	Winkum, Blinkum and Nod.	Selected
Recitation	Catherine Sweet.	" That Yaller Gown "
Chorus		





EIGHTH YEAR.

Everett Fountain. Ward Mills. Frank Templeton. George Nichols. Ralph Ralston. Ellie Porter. John Haslett. Ray Greenwalt. Neil Metcalf. Erwin Beyerlein.
 Katharine Sweet. Lizzie Dwyer. Claude Adams. Bert Hays. Claude Dubridge. Thomas Cremer. Leon Selby. Bertha Kious. Minnie Scott.
 Howard Walker. Elsie Mills. Flossie Perry. Ruby Davis. Eva Lilly. Mary Illum. Joyce White. Clara Burt. George Clark. Clifford Fish.
 Zelma Younglove. Eva Fish. Anna Keeler. Lenore Halpin. Irene Garrett. Aurora Hanson. Mamie Gelino. Marguerite Conant. Louise Astle.

JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

ROME IN HER INFANCY.

FIRST PRIZE—ROOM 5, CENTRAL SCHOOL.

BY LUCIA VAN INWAGEN.

A great many years ago in the "boot shaped" country of Italy, a small city was built. It was built fifteen miles up the Tiber river and started on one hill and kept growing until it covered seven hills. This city was named Rome.

In the city of Alba Longa, lived the king, Amulius, who had taken the kingdom away from his brother and put his daughter, Rhea Silvia, into the Temple of Vesta. He did this so that his son might be king when he died, but it did not turn out the way he thought it would.

Rhea Silvia married the god Mars and had some twins named Romulus and Remus. Amulius was very angry and he threw them into the Tiber river. When they had floated down a ways they were washed to shore and a wolf took care of them. After a while a shepherd found them and took them home.

When they grew older they found out the way the king had taken the kingdom away from their grandfather. So they went and took the kingdom and gave it back to their grandfather.

After that they went to the place where they had been washed up, and then Romulus and Remus fought to see which would be the king, and Romulus killed Remus; and then he built a city named Rome and he was the king. He liked to fight and so he got the people to fight and they did not care about religion.

Romulus chose some of the old men to be senators. When they died their sons would be senators. These men helped Romulus rule. Romulus ruled for thirty-seven years.

At first the rich people that lived in Rome owned the land. And as the poor people came to live in Rome, they only had a few acres of lands.

The poor farms were only four acre farms, but they raised quite a good deal of things. They raised olives and used the oil

for butter, grapes for wine, and other kinds of vegetables and fruit. The small boys that would not help with the plowing, took care of the small garden patch. They raised wheat, rye and millet.

The farmers had all the plows they wanted, because they made their own. First they selected a young forked sapling and put a stick down the middle with a sharp point at one end, this went into the ground. Then there was a small stick put down through the end and that was the handle. At the other end the oxen were hitched.

They made bread, but not the way we make it. First they cut the grain and the oxen walked over it to thresh it. Then they put it on a large flat stone with a stone on top of that and then they turned it around.

The god of Mars was the God of War and the Romans believed that he dropped a shield down to protect them. So they made eleven more shields just like it. Once a year twelve priests carried them around.

Janus was the God of beginning and ending. We get the name January from Janus.

Vesta was the goddess that took care of the homes and the fires. So that in the Temple of Vesta there were little girls, the daughters of the senators, to keep the fires burning. These little girls were called Vestal Virgins.

They did not have any schools. The rich people had slaves to teach their children to read and write. They wrote on a waxen tablet with a stilus, the stilus was a stone with a point, instead of a pencil and tablet.

Numa was the next king after Romulus. He was a kind king compared with Romulus, and the people learned more religion and did not fight so much. Numa reigned thirty-nine years.

The God Janus had two faces. It was placed outside of Rome's wall. The Temple of Janus was opened when there was war. So that while Numa reigned the temple was closed.

JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

Taraquin was the king after Numa. He was not a good king, so they put him out. After Taraquin there were five more kings, then they chose two consuls who ruled for two years. The consuls ruled in the place of kings. They also chose one dictator, who ruled for six months. They only had a dictator when they had war.

Then Tarquin went to another king named Porsena, and got him to take his army and fight the Romans. Horatius took two other men and went to a very narrow place between two hills and stayed there while the Romans cut the bridge down, so that the soldiers could not get over. There were thirty thousand men, and Horatius kept them back with his men.

Then the Romans told them to come back. Two of them went, but Horatius stayed too long. He turned and said to the Tiber River:

"O, Tiber! Father Tiber,
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day."

Then he plunged into the Tiber and sank, then came up, for his armor was very heavy. At last he got over and the people cheered. Then the people of Rome made a statue of Horatius kneeling on one knee, and gave him as much land as two oxen could plow in one day.

Rome grew until it covered seven hills. It sent out men to teach them the way they liked, so as to have them all the same.

When Rome got a piece of land it made a road through it by digging a trench, and then they put a layer of rock and then some finer rock, and then still finer rock, and last a layer of real fine rock and lime. All this made a fine stone road, so that they could travel easily.

The patricians were the rich people who had lived there always, and the plebians were the people that had come in last,

and were very poor and only had a few acres of land. The plebians could not be senators, consuls or dictators, because they were not related to the patricians.

The patricians owned most of the land. They would not let the plebians see the laws, and when they did anything that was not quite right, the patricians put them in prison and said it was the law.

After four hundred years the patricians let the plebians see the laws, and be everything that they could be.



AT THE RANCH.

FIRST PRIZE COMPOSITION—ROOM 4, CENTRAL SCHOOL.

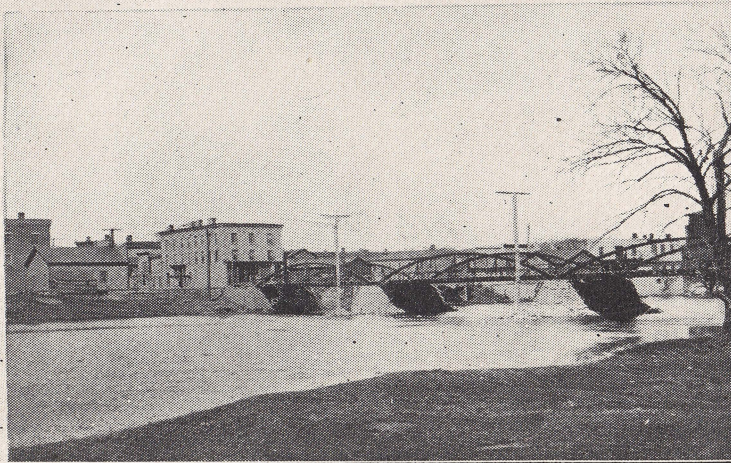
Helen and Jessie were sisters, one nine and the other five. Helen lived with her aunty. One year in June, Helen and Jessie were invited to Mr. Jones' Ranch. It was twelve miles from town.

They saw horses and cattle. They saw lots of little chickens and ducklings.

Jessie always fed the duck and chickens. Sometimes Helen would help her.

One day as they had all sat down at the table, Harold, a boy of fifteen came running into the dining-room shouting, "The cows are in the corn." They all jumped and ran to the door, but by the time they were out of doors the cattle were all driven out of the field.

Helen and Jessie had a lovely time at the ranch. Mr. Jones was very kind to them. Would you not like to live on a ranch like that?



PARISH CHAPEL.
LAYING WATER MAINS.

EPISCOPAL RECTORY.
NORTH BRIDGE.

JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

MY FAVORITE HOLIDAY.

SECOND PRIZE—ROOM 3, LORAIN SCHOOL.

BY CLARA LOUISE OLSON.

Of all the holidays, Merry Christmas is the best. I like Christmas because we can have a great deal of fun. On Christmas Eve all the boys and girls are wondering what they are going to get from Santa Clause.

Last Christmas I got a fur, an opera shawl, some ribbons, and a large vase. At school we had a pretty little Christmas Tree. I received many pretty things from my school-mates. Christmas morning we did up all the work, after we were through we got ready to go to our neighbors to spend the day. The day was spent in playing games, cracking nuts, and eating candy. About ten o'clock we children went out doors to play. We played all the games that we could think of. We became quite cold after we had been out awhile, and when we were going to go into the house it was just commencing to snow a little. When we got in the house, dinner was almost ready. We had many good things for dinner. We had bread and butter, potatoes, chicken, oyster dressing, pie, cake, and different kinds of fruits.

After dinner, we girls washed the dishes, and the older ladies did up the other work. After we were through we went into the room and played games and played the organ. About half past four we went home. When we went home there was a great deal of snow on the ground. After we had all our work done we ate supper. After supper we played games and ate candy and nuts.

The next Monday, we did not have to go to school. We spent the week in skating and other pleasures. New Year's Day we had a very nice time. When we returned to our school work we all found that we had forgotten part of it, but we soon caught up again.

THE TEACHERS' PRIZES.

It is everywhere coming to be recognized that "to be educated" is more than "to be knowing." An old adage puts it thus: "The world will never ask of you, 'What do you know?' but it will ask, 'What can you do?'" The business world, the professional world and the scientific world are constantly increasing the stress laid upon "the motor education," which is only another term for the education which trains the hand to act with the mind. In response to this demand construction work of various forms has been introduced to a greater or less extent in all schools. During the past five years manual training for the boys and domestic science for the girls has come to be a part of the course of study in many of the schools of our own State. This is not a fad, but it has come in response to a real demand. Boys are not and should not be trained to be carpenters, nor girls to be cooks as such in school; but it is the earnest belief of every thoughtful person, that every boy and every girl should be trained to accurate, punctual and systematic habits of action. How is this to be accomplished? This is the great question.

Of course, with the lack of funds and the present crowded condition of the schools, manual training as such on the school program seems far in the distance for Momence pupils. But the teachers think that, even if a systematic course can not be offered, much good may be accomplished by inducing pupils to do careful manual work outside of school hours. In view of this they offered five prizes of two dollars each, as follows:

FOR BOYS :—

1. For Best Piece of Carpenter Work.
Won by W. R. Nichols with a gun cabinet piece.
2. Best Kept Account of Earnings and Expenditures between November 1, 1904, and April 1, 1905.
Won by Leon Selby.

FOR GIRLS :—

1. For Best Cake.
Won by Nina Fish.
2. For Best Piece of Fancy Work.
Won by Hallie Selby.
3. For Best Made Cotton Dress.
Won by Mamie Halpin.

JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

Momence, Ill. January 13, 1905.

Messrs. Cornwell & Co.,

3142 South Park Ave.,

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Your favor of the 10th received
and I take pleasure in recommending
William Cross. He was in my private
office as stenographer for three years and I
consider him in every way worthy of the
position and congratulate you on securing
his services.

Yours respectfully,

Louise Castle.

SECOND PRIZE FOR BUSINESS LETTER,
ROOM 4 LORRAINE SCHOOL.

Messrs. Cornwell & Co.,

3142 South Park Ave.,

Chicago,

Ill.

JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

Momence, Ill., January 13, 1905.

A. Flanagan & Co.,

268 Wabash Ave.,

Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Please send me at once by
American Express and charge to my
account the following:

7 jars Kirk's Library Paste.

5 gross Spencerian Pens, No. 670.

3 gross Best Rubber Bands, No. 20.

Yours truly,

Leon G. Selby.

FIRST PRIZE FOR BUSINESS LETTER,
ROOM 4 LORAIN SCHOOL.

A. Flanagan & Co.,

268 Wabash Ave.,

Chicago,

Ill.

JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

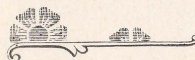
PROGRAM MARCH 24, 1905.

SECOND SECTION

ROOM EIGHT

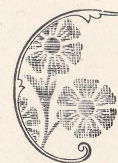
Assisted by Miss Daisy Jackson.

Violin Solo	" The Young Recruit "
	Miss Jackson.
Recitation	" Entertaining Her Big Sister's Beau "
	Faye Crawford.
Piano Solo	" A Summer's Night "
	Minnie Wilmot.
Biography	" Mozart "
	Hazel Thurber.
Cornet Solo	" The May Morning "
	Gailard Hess.
Freshman News	
	Harry Exline.
Vocal Solo	" Happy Days "
	Lucille Paradis.
Recitation	" How Girls Study "
	Anna Grace.
Girls' Glee Club	
Essay	" The Panama Canal "
	Axel Hanson.
Vocal Solo	" Lullaby "
	Robert Spry.
Recitation	" Katrina's Visit to New York "
	Minnie Wilmot.
Piano Solo	" Il Trovatore "
	Lucille Paradis.
Story	" A Nurse's Experience "
	Gertrude Nelson.
Piano Duet	" Country Dance "
	Lucille Paradis and Minnie Wilmot.
Animated Statues	Various Subjects
	Prof. Gailard Hess, Exhibitor.
Quartet	" Banquet Song "
	Lucille Paradis, Minnie Wilmot, Robert Spry, Gailard Hess.



STATUS OF THE MOMENCE HIGH SCHOOL.

DURING the past two years the standard of work and the course of study of the Momence High School has been gradually increased until its work is now accredited by Chicago University, Northwestern University, and the University of Illinois. A number of smaller Colleges and Seminaries have also arranged to accept the work done by our students.



JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI

When Name of State is not Given, it is Illinois.

Class of '77.

BEERS, (JEWETT), EVA.....	Hoxie, Kan.
BRADY, (HASLETT), MARY.....	Rose Lawn, Ind.
GRIFFIN, EVA, (DECEASED).....	
GRIFFIN, L. EMMA.....	Momence.
HASLETT, EATON, Merchant.....	Los Angeles, Cal.
KELLEY, (MCKINSTRY), SARAH.....	Madison, S. D.
LITTLE, (SMITHYMAN), IDA.....	Grant Park.
THOMPSON, CLARA, Teacher.....	Frankfort, Ind.



Class of '82.

CAREY, (BROWN), MAGGIE.....	Marne, Iowa.
MORAN, (FITZGERALD), ELLA.....	Chicago.
MCDONOUGH, (HUGHES), MARY.....	Avon, S. D.



Class of '92.

HENRY, (CHIPMAN), MARTHA.....	Momence.
MCDANIELS, FRANCES, Teacher.....	Cairo.
MEINZER, (KNIGHTHART), MARY.....	Momence.
PARADISE, (CULVER), NORA.....	Momence.
REINS, (RIKER), FLORENCE.....	Momence.
WATSON, (CLARK), MARTHA.....	Chicago.



Class of '93.

DU MONTELLE, (SHRONTZ), MAUD.....	St. Anne.
GRIFFIN, NORMAN, Clerk.....	Kankakee.
GRIFFIN, CARRIE, Teacher.....	Grant Park.
KENRICH, JAY, Book-keeper.....	Wolcott, Ind.
LAMB, BERTHA, Teacher.....	Momence.
PATRICK, MAUD, Musician.....	Logansport, Ind.
SWEET, (WHITMORE), MAUDE.....	Momence.

Class of '94.

BUNTAIN, C. M. C., Lawyer.....	Kankakee.
CULVER, FRANK, Book-keeper.....	Chicago Heights.
GROVES, BURR, Clerk.....	Sparta, Wis.
EINSELE, (NICHOLS), ETHEL.....	Chicago.
KROWS, RALPH, Reporter.....	Tacoma, Wash.
LONGPRE, ELMER, Physician.....	Kankakee.
SIMONDS, MAY.....	Momence.
WILKINSON, (REINS), MINNIE.....	Kankakee.
WILKINSON, JOHN, Book-keeper.....	Kankakee.



Class of '95.

ELLIS, GERTRUDE, Teacher.....	Morocco, Ind.
FREEMAN, HARRY, Dentist.....	Grant Park.
KNAUR, (KIOUS), EVA.....	Momence.
KINNEY, (MELBY), HILMA.....	Momence.
PATRICK, JESSICA.....	Logansport, Ind.
POGUE, CHARLES, Merchant.....	Crawfordsville, Ind.
SAFFORD, EDMUND T., Book-keeper.....	West Superior, Wis.
SANSTROM, SAMUEL, (Deceased).....	
WILLIS, FRED, Restaurantuer.....	Chicago.



Class of '96.

CAMPBELL, MAGDALENE, Clerk.....	Momence.
CLARK, ELWYN J., Civil Engineer.....	Newark, N. J.
CLARK, FRED A., Clerk.....	Spring Valley.
CULVER, MAY C., Music Teacher.....	Ortonville, Minn.
DRAYER, LENA E., Teacher.....	Momence.
GRAY, JESSE M., Teacher in College.....	Blairstown, N. J.
GRIFFIN, ERNEST, Farmer.....	Grant Park.
LANDON, CLARA, Teacher.....	Detroit, Mich.
HOINKE, (BUFFINGTON), MARY.....	St. Anne.
LANE, GRACE.....	Momence.

JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

Class of '98.

BIGELOW, (INGRAHAM), HARRIFT E.....	Los Angeles, Cal.
CLEARY, WILL J., Student.....	Bourbonais.
DOWLING, JULIA A., Clerk.....	Chicago.
DURHAM, BERTHA.....	Momence.
FOUNTAIN, ROSILDA, Teacher.....	Lincoln.
GIBSON, HATTIE MAY.....	Momence.
HARMON, HENRY, Clerk.....	Portland, Ore.
KELSEY, J. CLARE.....	Batavia.
MORGAN, CARRIE.....	Chicago.
O'CONNELL, (SIMONDS), CORA.....	Uriah, Mo.
O'DONNELL, DELIA.....	Momence.



Class of '99.

BUKOWSKI, MARY.....	Momence.
DENNIS, HAROLD.....	Momence.
PARADIS, EDNA.....	Momence.
SHAW, NORMAN.....	Toledo, Ohio.
WAGNER, JOSEPHINE, Clerk.....	Chicago.
TABLER, CLYDE, Book-keeper.....	Momence.



Class of '00.

BABIN, MATTIE MAY.....	Momence.
CHAMBERLAIN, AMOS, Farmer.....	Momence.
CLARKE, CARROLL.....	Chicago.
CLEARY, JAMES, Book-keeper.....	Momence.
CULVER, FLORENCE, Musician.....	Ortonville, Minn.
DENNIS, LENA.....	Momence.
DWYER, NELLIE, Teacher.....	Penfield.
GARRETT, LEONA, Teacher.....	Momence.
GIBEAULT, PHOEBE, Teacher.....	Momence.
HARRIS, WILL, Farmer.....	Grant Park.
JOHNSON, JUNIA, Teacher.....	Crete.
COLEMAN, (LAMPART), GEORGIA.....	Brazil, Ind.

MORGAN, STEPHEN, (Deceased).....	
McKEE, BESSIE.....	Momence.
PARMELY, IDELLA, Teacher.....	Grant Park.
PORTER, EDWARD Teacher.....	Momence.
RICE, BELLE, Teacher.....	Momence.
WALLACE, (LAMPART), MAY.....	Grant Park.
WILLIS, FRED.....	Momence.



Class of '01.

BRADY, MAMIE, Teacher.....	Rose Lawn, Ind.
BURCHARD, OLIVE, Teacher.....	Grant Park.
CLARK, FRANCES.....	Momence.
DRAYER, ALMA J., Student.....	Greencastle, Ind.
DWYER, JOSIE V., Teacher.....	Penfield.
FORCE, IDA M., Teacher.....	Independence, Kan.
GREGOIRE, (SMITH), BIRDIE S.....	Kankakee.
KELSEY, WAYNE.....	Spokane, Wash.
NADOLNI, CLARA L., Clerk.....	Momence.
PORTER, GEO. N., Student.....	Terre Haute, Ind.
SMITH, (THURBER), LUCELIA M.....	Grant Park.
WEAVER, L. ETHEL, Teacher.....	Bonfield.



Class of '02.

CLEARY, JENNY M., Teacher.....	Momence.
CLEARY, ELIZABETH C., Teacher.....	Momence.
DENNIS, LAURA J.....	Momence.
PITTMAN, (FREEMAN), BLANCHE M.....	Momence.
GIBEAULT, JOSEPH A.....	Villa Grove.
GIBSON, LAURA J., Nurse.....	Chicago.
HANSON, ANNA M., Teacher.....	Momence.
KIOUS, MAYSIE A., Clerk.....	Momence.
NELSON, PHOEBE J., Teacher.....	Momence.
PORTER, EZRA B., Student.....	Terre Haute, Ind.
SEAMAN, GRACE M., Student.....	Evanston.
SERGEANT, (VANE), ESTELLA.....	Momence.

JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

Class of '03.

BAECHLER, MARTHA E., Teacher.....	Castleton.
BENNETT, EDITH, Book-keeper.....	Grant Park.
DAYTON, FLORA M., Teacher.....	Momence.
DAYTON, EDNA J., Teacher.....	Momence.
GARRETT, FRANK W., Teacher.....	Shelby.
GRAY, ESTHER M., Teacher.....	Momence.
HANSON, SARAH H., Teacher.....	Momence.
MILLER, BLENDENA.....	Momence.
PARISH, VARNUMA A., Student.....	South Bend, Ind.
PORTER, IVY B., Teacher.....	Momence.
PORTER, NILES. Farmer.....	Momence.
SEARLS, MARION E., Teacher.....	Momence.
SPRY, CARRIE, Teacher.....	Momence.
WEAVER, BONNIBELL, O., Book-keeper.....	South Bend, Ind.
WILSON, BLANCHE M., Teacher.....	Grant Park.



Class of '04.

CLARKE, CARRIE L.....	Momence.
CLEARY, EDWARD, Student.....	South Bend, Ind.
CHIPMAN, VIOLA. Teacher.....	Momence.
CROSBY, LLOYD. Farmer.....	Wichert.
CROSBY, SADIE A.....	Wichert.
GIBEAULT, MYRTLE.....	Momence.
HESS, INA M., Teacher.....	Momence.
KELSEY, LEIGH.....	Spokane, Wash.
PETERSON, AGNES, Teacher.....	Momence.
PARMELY, CLYDE, Farmer.....	Grant Park.
TEMPLETON, ANNA, Student.....	Greencastle, Ind.
THURBER, (CROMAN), LAURA.....	Momence.
VAN INWAGEN, FRANK, Student.....	Champaign.
WENNERHOLM, MARIE, Teacher.....	Momence.
WILLIS, GILBERT A., Teacher.....	Momence.
WILSON, CLARA. Teacher.....	Grant Park.

A PARODY ON "A PSALM OF LIFE."

[*Begging the most humble pardon of H. W. Longfellow.*]

1ST PRIZE FOR PARADY, BY HALLIE SELBY.

Tell us not in idle clamor,
Life in High School is a dream!
Teachers very seldom slumber,
And fudge eaters are all seen.

School is dull now without music,
Music boxes are at home;
Silas is at good St. Mary's,
And poor Reggie is alone.

Bert is gone now, and our poems
Are but few and far between;
And exams are harder for us,
With his recipes unseen.

We have many athletes with us,
Not a one of them is vain,
And we look for fame and honor,
Brought by them when they're in train.

Kankakee's our great opponent
In athletics, speaking, too;
But we know that we shall beat them,
For all are to High School true.

Boys, now hurry with your training,
For the contest's drawing nigh;
Kankakee will get—well, nothing,
If St. Anne and Herscher try.

JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

MRS. LORAIN LYNDS.

A TRIBUTE FROM THE MOMENCE SCHOOLS.

The world was fair and the earth was sweet
To our friend who has gone away,
Who has gone to sit at the Master's feet
In the regions of endless day;
Many and full were the years she spent
Till at last, with the call "Come Home!"
Came the good night song which closed the day,
And the teacher's work was done.

A teacher of rare and beautiful parts,
Who learned in the world's own school
The lessons of life that the wise have learned,
And the worth of the Golden Rule.
And a teacher still—tho' the low green tent
Seems to shut from our sight
The face that never a shadow but beamed with gladness and sweet
From morn till the close of day. [content]

The lesson of patience we learned from her,
And of bravery staunch and true,
For she could smile tho' the way seemed dark,
And her troubles she hid from view;
But another's woe she was ready to share,
And her sympathy quick to confer;
And why do we say she is dead, when we know
That her works live after her?

When we go home to the Father's house,
And the good night song is sung,
May we, too, carry the lithesome heart,
And the faith that was ours when young.
May we all sit down at the Master's feet
In the Kingdom that hath no end,
Serene in the lovelight that shines from the eyes
Of the Christ—both teacher and friend.

—[M. G.]



HIGH SCHOOL ASTRONOMY.

BY HALLIE SELBY.

Twinkle, Twinkle, little star,
Up there on the board so high.
How I wonder what you are,
What a blessing to the eye.

When a pupil comes in late
Just because a train was slow,
Then the stars come off the board,
Though we do not wish it so.

When some thirty stars appear,
We all wait with bated breath,
For a holiday is near,
And if we lose we'll feel bereft.

One day early in November,
We decided that we should,
If a pupil came in tardy,
Throw our books with aim right good.

But forgot it till the New Year
Left us with bright stars a score,
And a Junior came in tardy
Through a hidden chapel door.

Pent up anger burst out madly,
When this Junior lass did see
Fit to go out through the hall door
Where the stars had used to be.

Books flew swiftly at the lassie,
Who was fleeing through the door.
But she calmly surveyed them,
Then returned the books a score.

Now the north room has decided,
Since some of our books are lost,
That each offender must pay
Five cents for each star that's lost.

JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

*In Memory of
EARL MARVIN STREETER,
born
at Marshalltown, Iowa,
January 17, 1884.*

*died
at Momence, Ill., March, 31, 1905,
of consumption.*

*Entered Momence High School Sept.
1900, left Sept. 1904, as a
Senior, on account of ill health..*

*To his memory this space is dedicated
by his friends, teachers and schoolmates.*

*In Memory of
STEPHEN MORGAN.*

*born
near the State Line, Oct. 4, 1879,
died
at Chicago, March 11, 1905,
of pneumonia.*

*He graduated with the class of 1900.
Spent two years in college at
Olivet, Michigan, studying to
be an Electrical Engineer. : :*

R. L. EDWARDS,

Range Street

DRUGGIST,

Momence, Ill.

Is the place to buy Drugs, Patent Medicines, Wall Paper,
Paints, Oils, Varnish, Glass, Putty, Druggist's Sundries,

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

1881.

TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR.

1905.

W. J. DIXON'S

BAKERY, GROCERY, RESTAURANT, LUNCH COUNTER.

BEST OF EVERYTHING ON THE MARKET SOLD HERE.

Bread, Pies, Cakes, Confectionery, Fruits, Cigars, Pipes,
: : : Tobacco, and a complete stock of Groceries. : :

OYSTERS, ICE CREAM, SODA WATER IN SEASON.

All goods delivered Free!

W. J. DIXON,
MOMENCE, ILLS.

West Side Range Street.

A STRONG ARGUMENT

In favor of your buying from us,
is the double inducement of : :

QUALITY AND PRICES.

—GET OUR FIGURES ON—

LUMBER, LIME, CEMENT, BUILDING MATERIAL.

REMEMBER WE SELL **COAL** AT THE MOST REA-
SONABLE PRICES. : :

We pay the highest market prices for Grain.
And manufacture the celebrated concrete
building blocks for building purposes. : :

HESS & GARRETT.

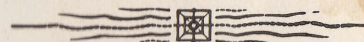
WATSON & CLEARY,

—Dealers in—

FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS, CROCKERY,
WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

BOOTS, SHOES, GLOVES, MITTENS.



AGENTS FOR

PILLSBURY'S AND WASHBURN'S FLOUR.



LARGE ORDERS ALWAYS FILLED
ON BASIS OF CHICAGO PRICES.

GIVE US A CALL.



Lane

Photographer

Momence, Ill

JUST MEAT

—M. F. CHIPMAN—

Wennerholm Bros

LIVERY

● Bus to All Trains ●

● MOMENCE, ILL ●

E. C. SIMONDS

: Fine Millinery :

Special Designs in

Tailored ^{AND} Dress Hats

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise ;
He bought his lumber and coal from us,
Which opened both his eyes.
And when he found how well we'd done
With all his hay and grain,
He smiled with glee that was good to see,
And remembered us again.

B. L. TABLER

Office, Yard and Elevator near C. & E. I. Depot.

Momence, Ill



The wild waves are saying:
“Correct dressers supply their needs at
RIKER’S.”

The Bachelor Girl

Can often prepare a warm, tasty morsel or a
luncheon for visiting friends through the
medium of a ; : : ; :

Rochester Chafing Dish

* FROM \$2.65 UP *

Inspect our Stock

Chas. B. Astle

Are you wondering where
to buy your : : :

Graduating Presents?

A few moments with us at
our store will convince you
this is the place : : :

Very truly yours,

L. S. FICKS & SON

Jewelers

JACOB RUGER

JOHN RUGER

J. RUGER & SON

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Horse Furnishings

Telephone 291.

MOMENCE, ILL

R. E. MOON,

: : DENTIST : :

Office: Cor. Range and Front Streets

MOMENCE, ILL

MOMENCE STATE AND SAVINGS BANK.

Computation showing accumulations of Monthly Saving Deposits

Of one to twenty dollars in one
to three years, when interest
is compounded semi-annually
at 3 per cent. per annum.

Monthly Deposit	1 Year	2 Years	3 Years
\$1	12.19	24.75	37.67
\$2	24.39	49.50	75.37
\$3	36.58	74.25	113.08
\$4	48.78	99.01	150.79
\$5	60.97	123.78	188.47
\$6	73.17	148.54	226.20
\$7	85.36	173.29	263.90
\$8	97.56	198.06	301.60
\$9	109.75	222.81	339.28
\$10	121.95	247.57	376.99
\$11	134.14	272.33	414.70
\$12	146.34	297.10	452.43
\$13	158.53	321.85	490.11
\$14	170.73	346.62	527.82
\$15	182.92	371.37	565.51
\$16	195.12	396.13	603.22
\$17	207.31	420.90	640.93
\$18	219.51	445.65	678.62
\$19	231.70	470.41	716.33
\$20	243.91	495.18	754.05

There's only one Best Place
in Momence to buy : : :

Dry Goods, Carpets, and

Ladies' Ready-to-wear Garments

and that's at **HACK'S** (of course)

MELBY & HALPIN.

Furniture and Undertaking.

L. W. CALKINS & SON

+ + DEALERS IN + +

Dry Goods
Groceries
Lamps

Crockery
Shoes
Rubbers

Furniture AND Undertaking

A Complete Stock,

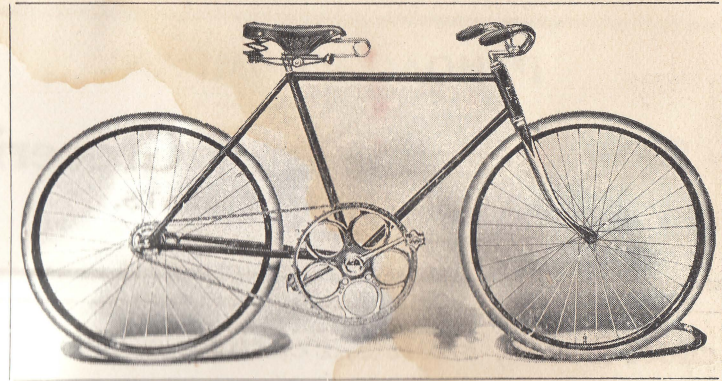
Best Quality,

At Lowest Prices

We take pride in making our
customers fully satisfied : :

Give us a trial

Telephone Main 18, Red



The Racycle Bicycle and & Oliver
Typewriter both won the GRAND PRIZE at
the St. Louis Exposition. To see them
and learn their merits call on
L. H. Guertin.

MATT CLEGG

DEALER IN

Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Felt Boots, Etc

● Repairing and Custom Work a Specialty ●

SEE OUR

LAWN MOWERS

STYLES BROS

P. HOAG & COMPANY

—Dealers in—

Staple and Fancy Groceries

FRESH AND SALT MEATS.

Oysters, Fish and Game in Season.

School Books, Tablets, Pencils
and all School Supplies at :

Roden & Cone

: : : DRUGGISTS : : :

==GROCERY SENSE==

Every grocer has right to buy the right kind of groceries right. We buy them right and sell them right.

While we don't sell all the good groceries in Momence, we don't sell any other kind. TRY US AND SEE.

We Right Wrongs
Telephone 17 Red

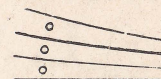
Momence, Ill.

L. D. Worden

First National Bank

Momence : : Ill

If there is a lady in Momence
who has not worn a pair of



Queen Quality

SHOES

She doesn't know what she has missed. Sold only in our
\$3.00 the pair. Shoe Department.
Many Styles, all widths.

W. L. CLAPSADLE



I eat
Ice Cream
a Cookies—why dont you?

